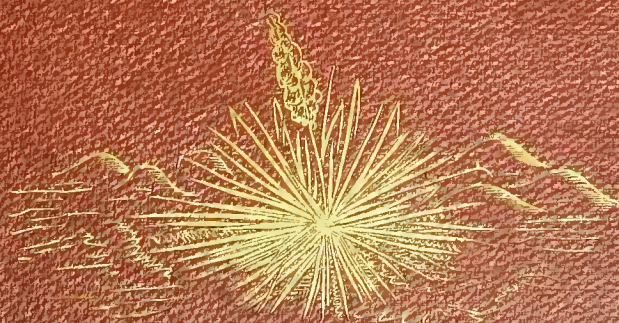




SUMMER RESIDENCE



IN COLORADO



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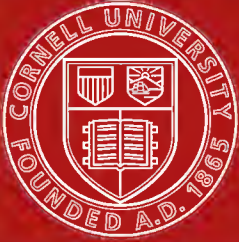
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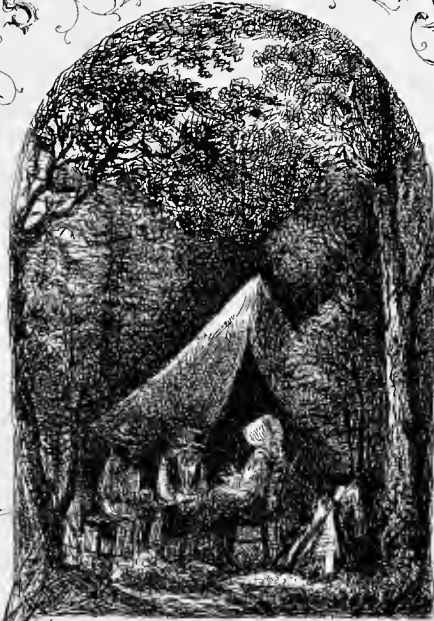
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Edwin Gillett
Christmas 1877

From E. Boardman

SEMINARY OF THE
FARMERS



COLORADO



SUMMER ETCHINGS

IN

COLORADO.

BY

ELIZA GREATOREX.

INTRODUCTION BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

NEW YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
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Dedication.



O you, gentlemen of the "Fountain Colony," who have made my summer's work a pleasure and delight, I venture to dedicate the unpretending, if inadequate, results of that work. As I place, this morning, my last Colorado drawing in my portfolio, I look from the slight picture to the great reality. From the clear lake where the mountain streams are gathered, I mark the course of the irrigating channels which already are turning the wild site of the New Town into a lovely garden, where the trees, planted a few months ago, are already bringing grateful shadows, like memories of your old homes, over the land where late the shy antelope grazed, and of which the Indians made for the whites only a place to be feared and shunned.

Above clustering cottages and tall church spires rise the grand Cheyenne Mountain and the mighty Pike's Peak, wearing, to-day, a fresh mantle of snow; and blue skies and sunlight bless and crown lordly mountain and lowly roof; only in my heart is shadow and sadness for the farewell which I must speak so soon.

This effort of mine, if it fails in all else, at least enables

me to express my admiration for the courage and energy of the founders of this Colony, which have achieved already such great success, and to record my grateful appreciation of the sympathy, encouragement and hospitality, which welcomed and sustained my summer's etchings in Colorado.

ELIZA GREATOREX.

COLORADO SPRINGS,

Sept. 26, 1873.



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Introduction.

THEN AND NOW.

 TWENTY years ago there fell into my hands a volume entitled, "*Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1842; and to Oregon and California, in the years 1843-'44. By Brevet Captain J. C. Frémont, of the Topographical Engineers.*" This volume, though somewhat unwieldy in form, and overweighted with scientific terms, had for me all the charm of a wild romance—strange and stirring, and most improbable—and this young adventurer, Brevet Captain J. C. Frémont, of the Topographical Engineers, became a first-class hero in my eyes. A sense of awful remoteness invested the scenes he described as most beautiful and picturesque with a sort of unearthly solemnity. The nomadic beings he now and then encountered, in the mountains and on the plains, seemed to me not only out of civilization, but of humanity—strange, unreal, uncanny creatures—solitary, sinister and terrible.

I cannot remember that in my wildest dream I ever pictured myself as following in the footsteps of the brave young "Pathfinder"—as ever looking with my own eyes on the wonders of the great central heights and grand western

slope of the continent. The vast region seemed still curtained away from me by infinite distance and mystery. Captain Frémont's book—it lies before me now—is illustrated with lithographs, rough, but truthful. When he comes to the march from the Arkansas to the Platte, along the eastern base or spurs of the great range, he gives a really fine view of Pike's Peak—the mountain of mountains for situation—lording it over a vast, magnificent area. On July 8th, he says: "We caught this morning a view of Pike's Peak, but it appeared for a moment only, as clouds rose early over the mountains, and shrouded them in mist and rain all day." July 10th presents another picture: "Snow fell heavily on the mountains during the night, and Pike's Peak this morning is luminous and grand."

One day the entire party had a buffalo-hunt; another day, an Indian fight; on July 11th they killed a large grizzly bear. They subsisted chiefly on game; and, when buffalo, bear, deer and mountain sheep failed them, they did not despise the small prairie dog. For a time, attached to this party, was Kit Carson—prince of guides and mountaineers—a noble son of nature, whose pattern no longer exists. They found Indians, unhappily, more abundant than game; Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Osages, Utis, and Pawnees, made that region their war-ground. Yet, overswept as it was by surge after surge of barbarism, Captain Frémont, with the eye of a prophet, saw in it a country "admirably adapted to agricultural purposes, and capable of supporting a large pastoral population."

On the 17th he entered the valley of the rapid, and always beautiful stream, called by the old French *voyageurs*, *La Fontaine qui Bouille*, from one of the many mineral springs on its banks. These waters were even then celebrated, and Frémont determined to seek them out. Leaving his men at the entrance of the cañon, he rode on up the river, though, as he says, "the clouds, which had been gathering all the afternoon in the mountains, began to roll down their sides, and a storm so violent burst upon me, that it appeared I had entered the store-house of the thunder-storms. About sunset I came upon a large, smooth rock, where the water from several springs was bubbling up, in the midst of a white incrustation, with which it had covered a portion of the rock. As this did not correspond with the description given me by the hunters, of the great spring, I did not stop to taste the waters, but, dismounting, walked a little way further up the stream, and, passing through a narrow thicket, stepped directly on a huge, flat rock, in the upper part of which, apparently formed by deposition, was a beautiful white basin, overhung by wild currant-bushes. In this the cold, clear water bubbled up, kept in constant motion by the escaping gas, and overflowing the rock, which it had covered with a crust of glistening white. A deer, which had been drinking at the spring, was startled by my approach, and, leaping across the river, bounded off up the mountain. I had all day refrained from drinking, and now lay down beside the basin and drank heartily of the delightful water." The next morning the command encamped at the springs, and "spent

a very pleasant day," drinking their fill. Frémont speaks enthusiastically of the rare beauty of the spot: "At the foot of lofty mountains, which sweep closely around, shutting up the little valley in a kind of a cove."

From the windows of the principal hotel of *Manitou*, the most fashionable and delightful watering place of Colorado, I look out this summer afternoon on the scene of Brevet Captain Frémont's lonely evening ride of thirty years ago. How changed, and yet unchanged, the lovely valley of the fountain and its grand surroundings! Nature holds her own wonderfully. Old Pike's Peak presents the same majestic front, the river rushes and shoots along toward the thirsty plains, the ancient brotherhood of "Medicine Springs" still boil and bubble—"the store-house of the thunder-storms" is far from being exhausted. Almost every day there is fine artillery practice among the peaks, and crags and forges, and "the big drops come dancing to the earth." Yet, in spite of thunder and rain, all is life and gayety in the little cove-like valley. There go a gallant, mounted party—not soldiers or mountaineers—but brave tourists, for the larger part ladies, galloping off over the foothills, to take the new trail to Pike's Peak—the very peak which Frémont seems not to have thought of scaling. You may visit the great *Manitou Spring* at any hour of the day, without danger of starting a deer—that is, one of the wild, quadrupedal sort. From any one of the heights above the valley, you may look out on the plains all day long without beholding a buffalo herd careering along, with its valiant leader plunging ahead; but

you may chance to see a train of *Denver and Rio Grande Narrow Gauge* cars thundering along, after a sturdy snorting little locomotive, and making better than the best Buffalo time. The noble savage—encounters with whom added such pleasing variety to Frémont's expedition, and in whose honor the party were gallantly accoutred, armed with Hall's carbines, and accompanied by a twelve-pound howitzer—he also has disappeared from the sacred waters he once haunted. His wigwam is pitched no more on the banks of the Fountain; but, instead, we see the tent of the artist and the jolly "camper." Should the mild and melancholy Ute, afflicted by some one of the ills that aboriginal flesh is heir to, visit the fount of healing opened in the rock for his pious sires, instead of the howitzer of the Pathfinder, he would be called upon to face the camera of the photographer. Even the grizzly has departed. If you fancy you have lost a bear about that size, and go hunting him for days and days, he never turns up hereabouts. At *Manitou* we have a small infantine cinnamon, which we are obliged to content ourselves with; but he is sadly degenerate—having been brought up by hand, petted and spoiled by tender-hearted women. Indeed, so clever and moral is he, that we should hardly be surprised to hear any day of his picking out the Ten Commandments from a pile of Sunday-school cards, responding to the creed, and playing on the melodeon.

Could those brave explorers whose camp-fires lighted up the grand glooms of this lovely, lonely valley, and shone on

these rushing waters, that balmy summer night, thirty years ago, come back to the springs and banks of the fountain to-day, would they like the picture? They would see hotels, cottages, bath-houses, summer-houses, bowling-alleys. They would see stage-coaches, ambulances, busses and barouches, horsemen and horsewomen dashing hither and thither. Saratoga trunks, pianos and fiddles, have invaded the solemn scene. The inspiring war-whoop is silenced forever, but the Italian *bravura* wakes the grand old echoes of the gorge. The war-dance and the scalp-dance are seen no more, but the "Boston Dip," and the "New York Glide" can be beheld almost any night in the halls of the *Manitou*.

So peaceful, proper, and comfortable is our life here, that some romantic and adventurous spirits, growing desperate, break with civilization and luxury here below, and follow Nature to her loftiest rocky fastnesses, clutching frantically at the rude fringe of her barbaric robe. In other words, they go "camping" afar, in the great mountain parks, beside the snow-fed rivers and the glacier-born lakes, nigh unto the cold, white summits, which are white and cold forever. On such a bold quest after Nature and simplicity—the essence of life—the exaltation of beauty—grandeur that verges on the terrible—the fine terror that is lost in sublimity—went we with a great caravan of pilgrims, among whom was the artist whose masterly sketches will picture the story of our wanderings far better than words of mine can tell it. We found beauty indescribable—grandeur unimaginable—delight uncommunicable, everywhere; but no where the expected

wildness, savageness and desolation. We looked here and there, with a sort of fearful desire, for dangerous wild animals; but though we traversed vast natural parks, explored mighty cañons, and scaled great mountain heights, we were not gratified by even the sight of a cayote or brown bear's cub. Even man was tame. Not a Ute or an Arapaho crossed our path. Wherever was human life, we found the prosaic, pushing, pertinacious Caucasian. We ascended Mount Lincoln. Above timber line we found miners, working where it seemed that only eagles could cling, slowly cutting into the mountain's bare breast to get at his heart of gold—and at fourteen thousand feet were other miners, braining his bald old head for the treasures stored up there. High up where the clouds break and the eternal snows rest, men have broken the stone lids of God's mighty caskets, shutting over the precious secrets of Creation; deep down in solemn, shadowy gorges, they unearth shining, golden grains, hidden in depth and darkness, for centuries of centuries. The world is storming the Rocky Mountains. Like the great sea which once beat against their base, civilization is surging around them—rushing through their wild passes, and now and then throwing a wave over their loftiest summits. They are not only a grand store-house of storms, and a treasure-house of incalculable wealth, but, what is better, they are to become, with their wonderful parks, their lakes, rivers, gorges, woods, and waterfalls, the great pleasure-ground of the world.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Summer Etchings in Colorado.

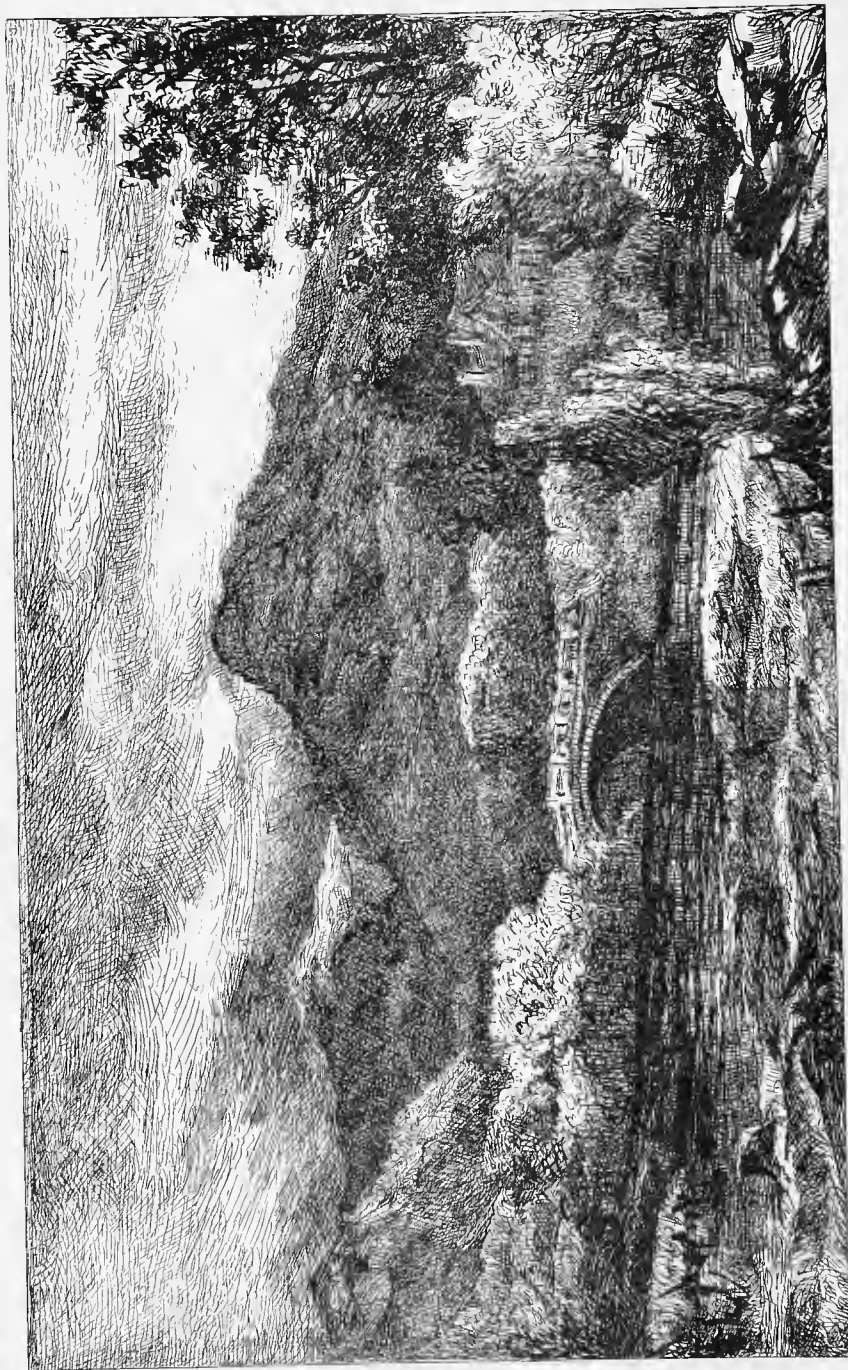


HIS is to be a most real story of our summer wanderings in this strange and vast country, but I am sorely tempted to make believe for a beginning that the little camp on the title-page is our dwelling, that the fire of sweet-scented pine close by, and the full moon springing up, Colorado fashion, out of the great distance, are to light us to our bed of wild-roses pulled from the bushes that are flushing all the prairie, while the brooks make lullaby, and the cottonwood and young oak trees rustle in this, the purest of the airs that fan God's blessed earth.

How sweet would be a dream of home under a clean white tent, glistening in the moonlight! with a mind at rest from all care, content with assurance of bread for the morrow; and a draught of water from the spring that bubbles near my seat. But in plain truth we are going to our little cottage studio and sleeping-room—an offshoot of the fine hotel in Manitou, where we breakfast, dine, and sup, making our choice from the endless variety of the bill of fare, served by

deft and knowing Chinamen—our cottage being under the particular care of *Pah*, the most perfect of them all.

But if the tent is not our very own, we have a close interest in the friends whose habitation it is, and a fresh and rare pleasure in listening to the talk of the “tent master,” Colonel Enoch Steen, who, with his good wife and son, have always a warm welcome ready for us. Nellie has noted down one of his stories, which will appear presently.



First Glimpse of Manitou.



THE first Indian cottage is the glen from which we had our first peep at Manitou. It is thronged with little groves of cottonwood trees and tangled, sweet-smelling things, that twine themselves into delightful open-worked tables and chairs, and the little clear patches of ground between are the places where to sit on, all carpeted with fragrant grasses and wild flowers. Here is a wild-rose bush, who yesterday made itself into a seat for a visitor, and still keeps the form as if inviting the occupant to sit again. We will sit here, while arranging notes and sketches for the long journey we have made to Manitou.

On the opposite side of the river, the Indian village of Manitou is seen, a cluster of small, round, thatched huts, with a few larger buildings, and a few tall, slender poles, which are the signal of the village. The river is very narrow here, and the water is very shallow, so that the boats can go very close to the shore. On one side, a father and son are sitting on the shore, looking at the boats. On the other side, a man is sitting on the shore, looking at the boats. The river is very narrow here, and the water is very shallow, so that the boats can go very close to the shore.

First Peep at Manitou.



FEW yards from our cottage is the glen from which we had our first peep at Manitou. It is thronged with little groves of cottonwood trees and tangled, sweet-smelling things, that twine themselves into delightful spidery-shaped tables and chairs, and the little clear patches of ground between are themselves good to sit on, all carpeted with fragrant grasses and wild flowers. Here is a wild-rose bush, which yesterday made itself into a seat for a visitor, and still keeps the form as if inviting the occupant to try it again. We will sit here to-day arranging notes and discussing the long journey which has ended at Manitou for the present.

After a luxurious, restful visit to the home of a friend in Milwaukie, we started ten days ago, all in earnest for our summer's work, with high hopes and well filled lunch-baskets. As we entered on the long stretches of prairie, finely cultivated by the German settlers, we noticed the German element all around, and heard little but that language spoken in the cars. On one side a father taught two little girls out of a German picture-book, on the other gathered a group of coarse

workmen. In front of us an artist gave voice to his strong prejudice against the German population of Wisconsin, seeing nothing good therein except the rude force which conquers and tills the soil. But I watched the father and children, their delight in the pictures from which he taught them, and their sweet, loving ways with each other, and I felt there must be something more and better.

Here I am interrupted by Nellie's laugh at the scraps she had written while undergoing the shaking of the cars; but, after reading her notes, we solemnly pronounce them the best of the three sets, and vote them the place of honor, I stipulating only for one remembrance of a group of Indians on the plains. We came in sight of them at the close of a violent storm, just as the heavy clouds had given way to a great belt of sunset glory; in the very focus of which they were encamped. Like very demons they appeared, in their motley garb, and restless, unceasing motion, horses and dogs, men and women, mingling and circling round their camp. A living picture it has left with me, and also a strong regret that I could not paint it.

Nellie's Railroad Notes.



WE are here! not by enchantment, but almost as surprisingly and suddenly, for we are whirled over rivers and prairies by the Great Western train. We felt as if we were chasing the sun, and had come so near catching him that he had to retreat in hot haste without his usual retinue of red and purple clouds, dropping like a fiery ball into the straight horizon line, without, as the Germans say, "making any circumstances about it."

At Omaha, Nebraska, began our experience of real Western traveling. There we took the San Francisco train. What a hot run we had from car to car, cumbered with bags, baskets, parasols, shawls, and the innumerable articles to the torment of which one always slavishly submits in traveling, despite the most cunning skill in packing trunks, and the sternest resolutions against *bundles*. In vain we obscured the daylight in the door of one car after another—hopelessly full were all of them, till, when it became too late to retreat, the train being in motion, by mathematical ar-

rangement of bags and boxes, and by compression into smallest endurable space of various scattered and outlying children, we managed to secure places. There was a "water front" to our "eligible site"—the damp and oft-visited locality of the ice-water can; one infant Bacchus, overgrown and obstreperous, sacrificed a whole family of brethren and sisters to bringing him supplies of drink, at last subsiding into satisfactory silence—internally congealed, as I firmly believe, by the constant application of iced fluid.

With the rushing of the train came a lively breeze; it caught the broad hat of a handsome miner, and whiz! it went out of the window; but he coolly remarked to a sympathizing friend, "Oh! it don't matter in the least, I always carry two;" taking, as he spoke, something from his pocket which at least covered his head.

Many of these miners were in the car. Tall and slim, most of them, with hair dark as night; deep-set, expressive eyes; heavy moustache and blue flannel shirt. A famous combination of hero qualifications.

A farmer who sits near us and likes to talk, shows us where the trees grow "nateral," and where they are "sot out." He tells us the names of the valleys as we pass through them, the Platte, the Elkhorn, etc., etc. So the day wears on, hot and tiresome. At evening we see Indians, Utes. Their eyes, soft, dark and snaky, attract our attention first; then their wonderful, composite costume, every civilized garment represented by at least some portion of its original entirety. One knight of the scalping-knife

we will take as a sample. Part of a pair of trousers on his legs; around his waist a light-colored skin of some animal, also a portion of yellow blanket, in unquestionable need of soap and water; from one shoulder hung, in Italian style, a brilliant red blanket. He carried bow and arrows. His jaws were heavy, his hair straight and black, a savagely grand figure, despite the mean part of his attire, bearing himself with grave dignity, which made it easy for us to picture him once the monarch of the plains; yet, he stood there now, trying to sell a few poor gewgaws of beadwork, while dirty squaws, with their dusky papooses slung over their shoulders, begged for a few cents. A squaw came near and touched my dress and traveling satchel, expressing by her motions that the pale face had the good things, and should give her and her baby something. On receiving a little money, she nodded, and bestowed on me an Indian benediction.

The whistle from the engine cut the "pow-wow" short. Conductors called "all-aboard!" the train moved on, night closed in, lamps were lit, sleepy babies dozed off into sounder sleep, shawl straps were undone, pillows made up out of various bundles, and we each tried to find the least *twisty* posture, and to get a rest, if not a sleep. Daylight brings you to a dim consciousness of being in an upside-down condition—somewhere; your head hangs limp over the arm of the seat, your feet are all pins and needles, existence means concentrated misery, till you shake up the little remains of spirit and courage within you, and face life

bravely again. Had we succeeded in getting a Pullman sleeping-car, there would have been nothing of this ; but, unfortunately, there were no places left for us, so we have to put a new experience as gain against loss of ease.

Another day, whirled over the prairies by steam, we were thankful for cool air and lovely skies, but began to long for something to vary the unending stretches of dry blue-green grass, with the prairie dogs sitting each so pertly at the entrance to their little homes.

At each station was a crowd whence peered many an anxious expectant face, watching the car windows to catch a glimpse of some long-awaited friend, who was to join the Western life. Many gushing brides and grooms we saw, and they evidently felt that the Great West was made for the expanse of feeling. Arms closed round the *beloved*, hair flowed in waves of flax or raven over HIS shoulder, and vows of fidelity were exchanged to the sound of the puffing steam-engine.

At last Cheyenne, our changing point, was reached. We felt homeless as we left our short refuge in the car ; but the train went on to San Francisco, and so we say adieu to it, and stand on the rough platform, waiting for the train to Denver, which is behind time. Close beside the platform is the Hotel and refreshment-room. Negro waiters are on the piazza ringing bells furiously, and standing in black contrast to the glaring white of the houses. The bells were the only cheerful things at Cheyenne. The clouds rolled dark as ink overhead, hiding the mountains,

lightning flashed, great drops of hail came down and drove us into the small station, already filled with travelers, most of them emigrants, in sadly tumbled muslin dresses and wonderful headgear, gay, but not odorous, with many-hued flowers; and the poor never-left-out-of-the-play baby kept up the unfailing protest of suffering infancy. But the storm cleared, as it always does clear, the mountains began to rise up in the soft hazy distance, our train came, and the eighty or one hundred miles to Denver was a ride of joy and delight. The prairie grass was fresh and green, the prairie dogs, after being confined to the house by bad weather, came out for an airing, watching the dragon engine and train from their hilly seats; the youthful and timid of the community dive down stairs as the monster approaches, the old and wise stay watching it gravely. Antelopes, most graceful of animals, dart along, trying to race with the engine. We have seen no Buffalo, only a whitening skull lying here and there. The herds of cattle from the ranches by the railroad are the most excited and affected by the trains; a vast herd led, by a wise old cow-mother, come staring stock still, till there is barely time for their escape. Many a one is sacrificed to a too daring spirit, and leaves whitening bones along the track, unheeded warnings to other herds. Nearer and nearer we come in sight of the grand circle of the Rocky Mountains. Every tint and hue of color and light they have gathered into their great heart, and every change in the air and sky is reflected deep and strong on their mighty sides and peaks,

from deepest, darkest purple to white gleaming silver. It is a fitting boundary line to this awful earth ocean over which we have been passing for five days and nights of travel since we left New York, and we descend from the car in this busy, wide-awake, intensely living, new city of Denver, fully convinced that we have indeed crossed the plains, and are really in the Great Far West.

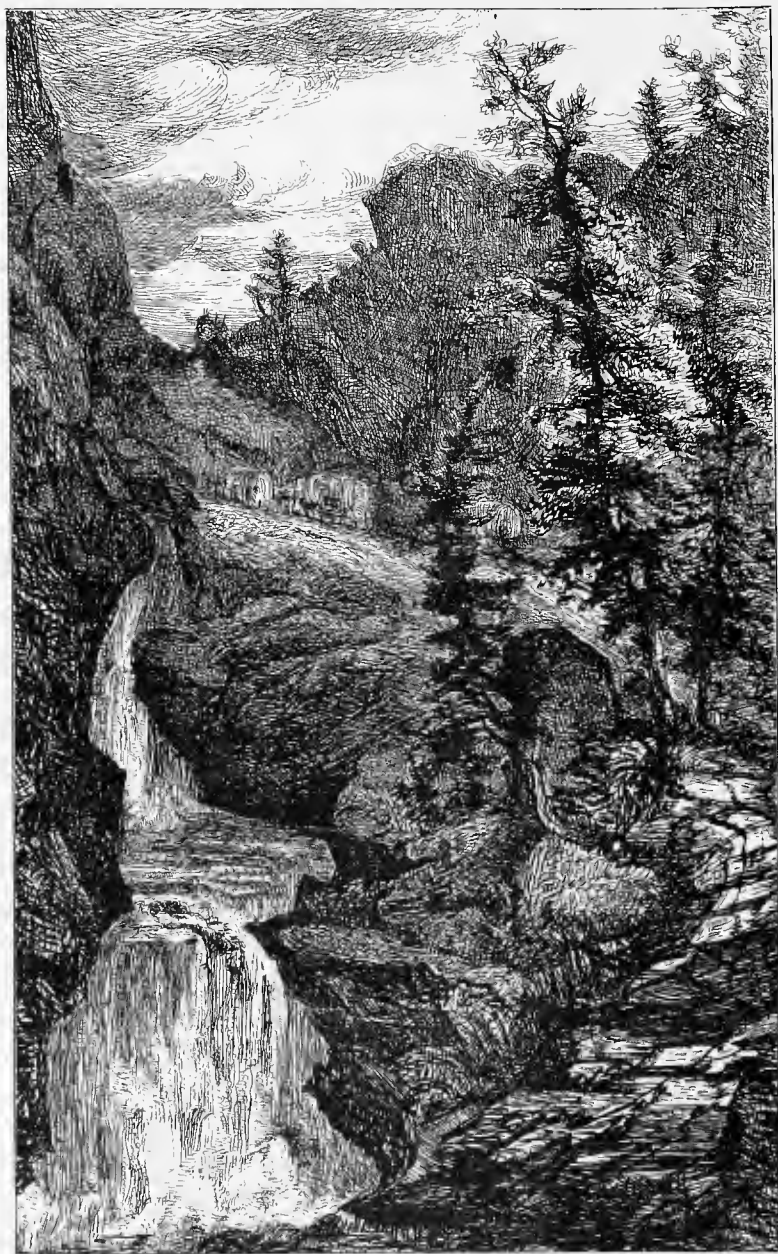
While sketching this morning, by the camp close to our cottage, I see a modest little face peeping at me out of the wagon that Norah drew last evening. By and by a slight fuss of *prinking up*, and there comes to me through the brushwood the sweetest figure one can imagine. A cotton dress, of odd pattern, short and loose, only at the waist trimly belted in. A close straw hat, tied down so that but a little of the delicate face could be seen ; hands, holding nervously a great umbrella ; and, with a conscious, shy look, the little woman comes close and speaks : Was I sketching ? Would I let her look ? She was so sorry not to ask me into the camp, but she had been sick, and it was so poor a place, she was ashamed of it ; but she had seen the young ladies, and heard them talking about the horses. Would they like to ride ? If there were side-saddles they might have the horses, and welcome ; she had a side-saddle, but had sold it when they left their home, far away in Missouri. It had taken forty days to come in their heavy wagon over the prairie ; and she had not been very happy since coming here. Was her husband with her ? Oh, yes ! she thought I must have seen him ; he was painting the cottages, and did not

look much like himself doing such work ; but Will had come for her sake, and was ready to do any kind of labor if she could only get well here ; they had left a beautiful farm in Bates Co., Missouri, where everything but money was plentiful, and the taxes were heavy. She had been a school-teacher ; and then came rather a sad story of her life, and of how Will, rough as he looked, had nursed her himself from death's door. Since he had been so much away from her at his work, their horses, and the noble dog lying under the wagon, had been her best companions ; they had been brought up on the farm, and it was strange to hear of their attempts to run off home, and their almost human behavior. I asked if she could drive them ? Oh, yes, she said ; then I promised I would go out with her to-morrow.

As I stood with her in the hot sunlight, and looked into her patient face, I felt all the romance which this western world is gathering into its history, and somewhat realized the poetry, the human interests that must mingle with and harmonize this vast, majestic scenery.

As we discuss the subject of the "harnessing up," to which my little friend's strength is hardly equal, a young and handsome man passed, raising his hat in salute. The little lady said he was a neighbor in some sort, having pitched his tent close to theirs for three days. He was a gentleman ; had not succeeded in getting anything to do here ; he was telling her his story last evening. His mother is well to do, and keeps writing for him to come home, but he had been willful about leaving home, and hated to

go back poor; he had been away seven years; he had left a girl he liked, too, and little by little had given up writing, until now he was ashamed to write, though he knew she was still single, maybe for his sake! If he could only break down his pride enough to go and ask her to forgive him! There is no gentle twilight, no soft zephyr, no pensive shade, by babbling brook, to lend romance to the story; we both stand in the hot sun, tired and brown, in my hand I hold the ink-bottle as well as my sketch-book, while my umbrella is stuck rather shakily in my belt. As I listen I scratch some trees into the background of the sketch made by Norah last evening of the camp-wagon and three horses; fortunately to-day the animals have screened themselves behind some shrubs, and I dash the heavy foliage over the limbs of the wise and home-regretting horses, thus saving Miss Norah's "drawing from life" from sharp criticism. My little friend has gone back to get the dinner ready, the blue smoke wreathes around the tree-tops, and a right savory smell of cooking reminds me that I must "to house," and try to get rid of some of this red earth that clings so tight, before the dinner at the hotel is ready. Oh! why are not we also dwellers in tents?



In The Ute Pass.

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]



1944 The Great Depression had washed and put him away from sitting on the low pine table for the rest of his life.

"Yes, it's a long story, but I'll tell you what we were the first dragons that came from the first expedition was made up of men from Illinois, just after the Black Hawk War. It was another expedition sent by General Harrison at Fort Gibson, and they were ordered by General Leavenworth to go and meet him there. When we had reached Pierre's River, the general, the doctor, and two others—H. Dodge took command of about five hundred men, but death took off over a hundred and nineteen. With the rest,

Colonel Hnoch Steen's Story.



MINE is a story forty years long," said the colonel to me, as I sat with him in front of the camp. The fire was dying out, pans and dishes had been washed and put by in leafy cupboards, and Col. Steen, sitting on the low pine table, began to tell me something of his life.

"Yes, it's a long story, but I'll only tell you to-day how we were the first dragoons that ever crossed the plains. Our first expedition was made in 1832, from Rock Island, Illinois, just after the Black Hawk War. In '34 we formed another expedition to ascend the Red River; we were then at Fort Gibson, which was the end of our first march. Gen. Leavenworth had commenced this Red River exploration. When we had reached Pawnee Peak, called also *Crosslimbers*, the general, the doctor, and both staff officers died. Col. H. Dodge took command. Our number, at starting, was six hundred men, but death soon brought us down to one hundred and nineteen. With ten days' provisions we started

after the Indians, leaving two camps of sick soldiers on the road. The summer was the hottest I ever knew, and for eighteen days we had neither salt nor bread, and lived on horse and buffalo meat. However, we accomplished one object—making trouble with the Indians. With one tribe, which had been terribly hostile, we found great difficulty; but the chances of war had given us an opportunity for peace overtures. At one time, when only old men and women with children had been left at home, their camp had been attacked by a hostile tribe, who killed all but one woman. At my suggestion our party bought her out of the hands of these enemies, and returned her safely to her own people. This act was accepted as a peace-offering; our treaty was made, and our constant fear of being murdered was dispelled. Once, our half-breed interpreter was so terrified by this tribe that he refused to fulfill his office, but a threat of speedy death brought him and his cowardice round to the other side, and he obeyed all commands.

“The Spring before this ('33) Judge Martin, then living in Texas, had ventured too far from home, having with him his little son. The Indians caught and killed him, keeping the little boy and the horses. One day, while our colonel was talking with the Indians, I recognized among them a negro whom I had seen in the States. He told me one of the redskins was hiding a white boy from the other Indians in the woods. We called a council, and speedily communicated with the friendly Indian, who soon came among us, holding the little white boy in his arms. The poor little fellow was

crying wildly, thinking his last hour had come. The colonel called to him, 'Come here, sonny.' The boy clapped his hands, and with a fresh, but this time a joyful, burst of tears, cried out, 'Oh! are you *my* people?' The little face shone through the tears with such joy as I never saw. I don't think there were five men among us who were not crying.

"'You won't let the Indians kill me, will you? They stole my pony, and if you get it for me I won't give you any trouble; only let me ride to my home with you.

"Poor little fellow! it was enough to melt the stoutest hearted of us; he could not have been more than eight years old, quite naked, all bruised and sore from the tormenting of the Indian children, who had amused themselves by shooting arrows at him. We gave him a gun and some powder, for the good fellow who had dealt so mercifully with him, and who showed deep grief at parting from the little pale face.

"We managed among us to contribute sundry articles of attire, which the tailor of the company converted to a suit of clothes for the child, and we sent him safely back to his mother. You will like to hear that, in 1846, while marching to the Mexican war, I met this son of Judge Martin, whom we had so wonderfully rescued from the Indians; he had grown up into a fine, manly fellow; he recognized me, having become much attached to me on our march; wanted me to retire from the army, offering a large farm, with all requisites for living on it, near him. We took our way back to Fort Gibson, which was yet five

hundred miles from us. Again we got out of rations, and suffered greatly from sickness—a kind of bilious fever. We had to carry our sick on a rough contrivance: two horses, one placed before the other; on either side a pole, running through the stirrup on one horse to the stirrup on the other; thus, with a blanket slung over, forming a sort of bed. But the road was often very rough, and even the marching soldiers so sick and miserable, that the natural kindness of their hearts forsook them. Death grew so familiar to them that pity and tenderness ceased to accompany it. I, myself, was so ill I was often blinded by pain and suffering, but, in horror of the consequences of ‘giving in,’ never reported ‘sick,’ or failed in a day’s duty. Colonel Nathan Boone, son of the well-known Kentucky pioneer, Daniel Boone, was my companion in this sickness, and endurance of it. Together we tended and nursed the utterly worn-out invalids, night and day.

In 1835, on the 9th of August, our company of dragoons formed to explore the plains and make treaties with all the tribes we should meet. We were again commanded by Colonel Dodge, and making Fort Leavenworth our starting-point, we went up the Missouri River, thence along the Big Platte River to Denver; the first company of Uncle Sam’s men who had ever crossed the great plains. At that time there were no “white settlers” west of the Missouri, save the trappers, or, as they were called, The American Fur Company. They numbered from 60 to 100. They had sailed round by the Pacific Ocean and Vancouver’s Island,

to the mouth of the Columbia River. Jacob Astor was one of them.

"Now I think," said the Colonel, "I have made a long enough story for one day, unless I should add one or two remembrances of ceremonies which we witnessed among the Indians while crossing the plains. They are not very cheerful things to tell about, but may help to give you an idea of the gentle manners of the noble red man.

"The Rees tribe were holding high holiday. Around their camp were hung the heads of buffaloes, some just slaughtered, some only the whitened skulls. They had raised a forty-foot cotton-tree, smooth and tapering, midway in their camp. With their lances they pierced holes through their amiable persons, stringing themselves on rope, to the end of which was attached one of those huge buffalo heads, of a weight not less than 20 lbs. Then commenced a jocund dance around the pole, in which the buffalo heads figured with grace and lightness, dancing as the lordly Indians danced. This was meant as a graceful act of devotion to the spirit of the chase, binding it in return to grant them success in hunting. When their warlike blood had flowed in sufficient quantity, the first part of the programme was concluded. Next came the climbing of the pole by one brave after another, hatchet in hand, till, the topmost reach of ambition being attained, the conqueror chops off one of his fingers, sticks it and the hatchet on the pole, and descends, feeling, no doubt, that the great end of his glorious existence is accomplished. By our camp fires, as we halted in our

march over the ground where now the Denver Railroad runs, we heard from our interpreter many a legend of the Indians, among them the story of the springs. These medicine waters are looked on with awe as being the abode of a spirit who breathes through the transparent waters, causing the commotion on their surface. The Arapahoes, especially, attribute to this water-spirit the power of giving to their undertakings success or failure. Passing by the springs, on the war-trail of their hereditary enemies, the Yutas, through the 'Valley of Salt,' they never fail to offer presents to the 'Manitou.' When we reached the spring in August, '35, we picked from the fountain many a handful of bright beads, and at Capt. Buxton's visit, in '47, he found the basin full of beads and wampum, knives and pieces of red cloth."



Manitou Spring.

Indians.



ESTERDAY two Ute chiefs, "Chavenau" and "Little Colorado," rode up to the Hotel at Manitou to send a dispatch to Washington, inquiring what the whites meant to do about the trouble near Wyoming between a set of gambling desperadoes and a party of Utes. This was their story: The two parties were gambling for horses; the Indians won, and went off, taking the horses with them; the enraged whites followed, killing ten of the Indians, and seizing the horses, after which proceeding the Indians would have ample pretext for killing the first pale face who came along. But the real truth of the affair was that Indians, enemies of the Ute tribe, had disguised themselves as Utes. However, these chiefs had come to stay, as they said, "two sleeps" and "six eats." Little Colorado was heavy and of solemn demeanor, but Chavenau was very friendly, and smiled as cheerfully as an Indian may.

That evening we at the hotel had arranged some tableaux with much care and, as we thought, great success. The chiefs took places among the audience, and watched gravely. One of the finest of the tableaux, Judith killing Holofernes, impressed them most. All the wild blood rose in them

at the figure of Judith with the raised scimitar, as she stood over Holofernes.

That night the chiefs slept in one of the upper halls of the Hotel, to the great terror of those who opened their doors not knowing that the Indians were there. Their dusky sleeping faces upturned in the glinting moonlight were indeed enough to startle even strong nerves.

We were naturally very desirous of having them sit to us for a drawing, yet were a little unwilling to ask. I will try and describe them as I saw them squatting on heaps of baggage in the hall. They both wore broad felt quaker hats, which looked very comical over their long straight hair and copper-brown skin. Little Colorado wore a loose orange-red shirt, dark trowsers, gray moccasins, and a wide marine-blue blanket wrapped round him—very handsome, but we thought it must be fearfully hot. The array of Chevenau was still more fantastic. His leggings were curiously made of red cloth, fringed with beads, and on each side of these a sort of flap or sail. He was decorated with a great many bead ornaments. From under his long grayish-black blouse hung an oblong piece of red stuff, on his breast was a part of an enemy's skull, shaped to the form of a star. Little Colorado's ornaments were not quite so savage — only a glass cross and gilt chain, with a few blue and white beads. By signs and a few words they understood our wish to sketch them, and followed us silently from the hotel to our cottage. We handed them seats, giving to Little Colorado the rocking-

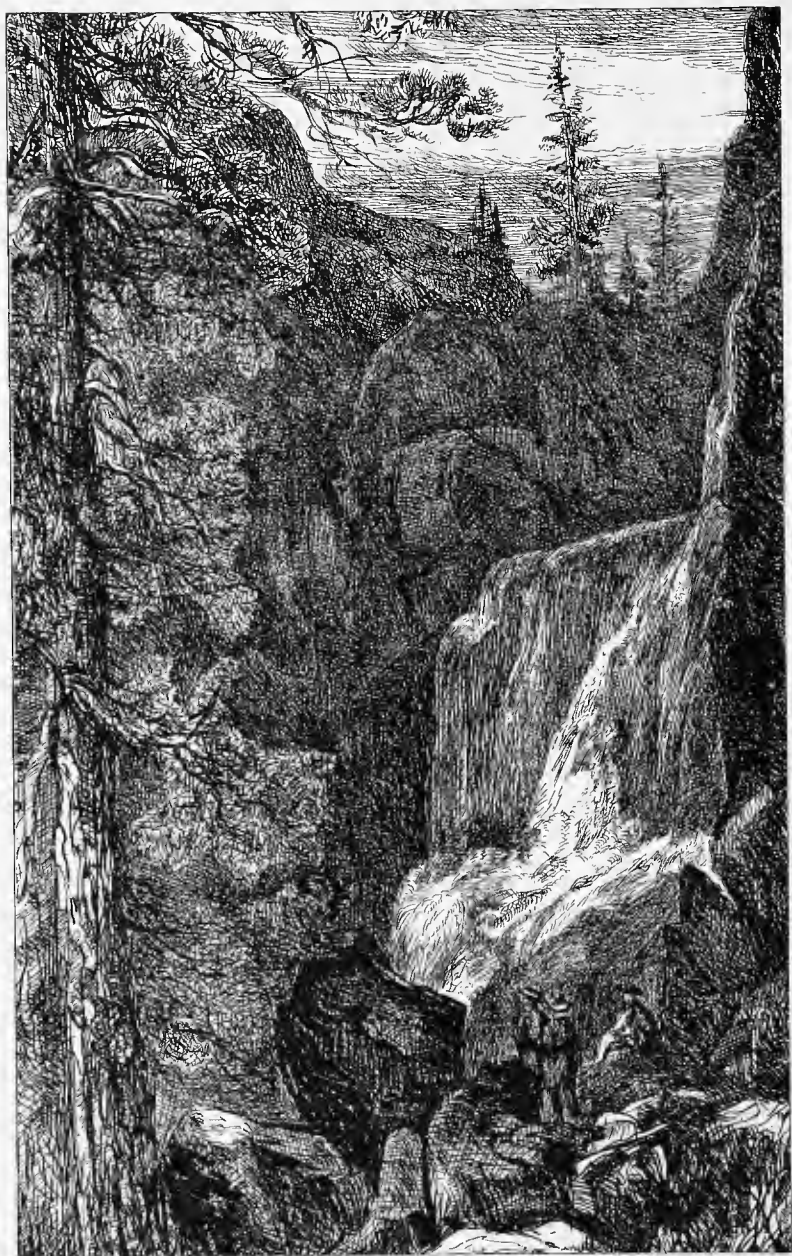
chair, which he took with outward calm, though we fancied with inward uncertainty as to how he must therein comport himself. To Chavenau we gave a picture magazine to occupy his eyes while we drew. But civilization comes hard to them. The chairs seemed to act like electric batteries, jerking their arms and legs into most uncomfortable and unnatural positions.

Little Colorado's feet were placed wide apart, his hands grasped his knees as if for support, his big hat tipped back, giving his sober face the appearance of a wink; and in spite of his splendid red blanket, my drawing was a failure—so we agreed that our only chance of making a picture of Indians would be whilst they were quite at ease and unconscious of notice.

In the afternoon we saw the chiefs by the Manitou Spring. A crowd soon gathered round, and the romance of the spot vanished; but for the moment they completed my picture, standing beside the waters which they once worshipped, and to the spirit of which they offered their choicest gifts.

All that time is with the past, and only here and there is it possible to feel that once the red men held undivided sway. We are too thankful that it is so, listening to our friend the Colonel, as he tells us stories of Indian horrors. He is so well known, and so thoroughly respected, we know we can quite believe all he tells. Last night we were in company with Governor Hunt, another notable character in the colony. All our interest and enthusiasm were aroused as he described the life of his family since, sixteen

years ago, they toiled across the plains in ox-wagons, and settled in the wilderness of Denver. All the discouragements and hard places of that life had but served to give fresh impulse to ambition and exertion, and I mentally added Gov. Hunt to my list of the nobles whom we have met out here, who have kept the enthusiasm of youth bright and warm. With manly courage and childlike hearts they keep on their course ; modest and temperate, they are also shrewd and large-hearted. God bless them for the example which they give to the many young men here, setting out in life, one of our boys among them ! If they but follow those footsteps, bravely and honestly, they will fill every desire of those who love them and watch their progress with anxious hearts.



The Climb, Cheyenne Cañon.

Cheyenne Cañon.



WILL ROGERS is this minute whittling some sticks, to make sure of a fire. We had but two matches, and he made a failure of the first. Good, manly fellow he is, indeed. I am the sole companion of him and his little wife, and they are getting ready the lunch, while I am trying to get my nerves steady after the weary ride from Manitou in that great wagon—the one that Norah's pen has immortalized—the wagon which carried these two all the way from *Butler*, in Missouri, nearly 800 miles across the plains.

Last night we were trembling in our cottage, shut up there from the great storm. Such bellowings of thunder I never heard, and when we ventured to raise the curtains and look out, it was enough to make one think that the very last night had come, that the world was surely on fire, and that the flames would be on us in a moment. I little thought I should be here to-day. But oh! what a new-born, clean-washed earth! What a wondrous sky! What glory and purity, what new life over all, and within myself! Only once before have I seen such color; it was early one morning, going into Naples, on one of the broad-decked Mediterranean boats, when we sat and looked with heart and eyes on the

lovely islands in the bay, and wondered at the tints to express which we seek in vain for words. I would like to shut my eyes in southern Italy, then open them here, and so find out, by sudden contrast, what it is that makes the difference.

The fire is made, the kettle boils, the teapot (which has a story of its own, to be told by Nellie some day) is charged with tea. My dear little Abigail opens the big lunch-basket, so exactly suited to the wagon, and which was filled by the generous hands of our Manitou hostess, and we sit down to a delightful meal. The horses are grazing by the camp, and we leave bags and shawls unhesitatingly in the wagon, and set out for the falls. I began to count the bridges over that Cheyenne creek, made of stepping-stones and fallen logs, but gave it up when I reached the twentieth; so we stood before the beautiful falls of Cheyenne Cañon, and tried to realize all their beauty and the foolishness of the attempt to sketch them with a woman's hand and a steel pen.

All our twenty odd bridges safely passed again, we reached the camp, where we dined, and the small house-(camp) wife packed up dishes and tidied things, while Will went away a little distance to harness the horses. Looking at our watches, we find it has taken three-quarters of an hour to walk from the falls. This first rest which we take to-day, is most grateful to our tired limbs. We hear the birds sing, and one fellow, large and bold, breaks in with a sort of scream. He is blue on the breast, with brown wings and a crest of black. His loud scolding is because we are too near

his nest. I can make little effort to describe what I see around in this most lordly, wild cañon, but all the day has been full of a grand sentiment, the gift of this glorious Nature. Will comes back. He has harnessed Betsy and Loo, and announces that Betsy is eager to get back to the colt. These creatures speak English as near as horses ever did. Will tells how they comfort and scold, and stand up for each other. Getting into the wagon and looking far away over the prairie, it is just like going to sea again—indeed this kind of vehicle is called a prairie schooner. We are on a broad plateau, with no visible descent, and away off lies the prairie, under heavy, wavey shadows, and there, in a broad gleam of sunshine, stand the small houses of “Colorado Springs” or “Newtown,” very much like a group of “Mother Cary’s chickens.” As far as motion goes, the wagon is not unlike a ship, especially when we get to a part of the road that used to be a prairie-dog village.

Each moment of our descent the beauty grows ; now the long, graceful lines of the mountains on the west run down to meet the gentle undulation of the swelling prairie on the east, and the sun runs in and out in eager hunt for beauty-spots.

Will Rogers begins to sing some of the songs he learned in camp, for he was a soldier for four years, and when he leaves off singing the little wife begins again her story of their journey across the plains. We are seated on chairs in the centre of the “prairie schooner,” and now and then run great risk of being upset ; but I am assured that it is

because the wagon is not well laden; so on we creep, with the fresh air blowing away the fatigue of our morning tramp. The small settlements, three of which we have passed since leaving the cañon, send out their little, barking dogs, and the men are coming home to supper at the camps, which dot the roadside here and there close to Colorado Springs, and there I leave my kind companions and the "schooner" for the hotel and two or three days' sketching in the little, new town.

Colorado Springs.

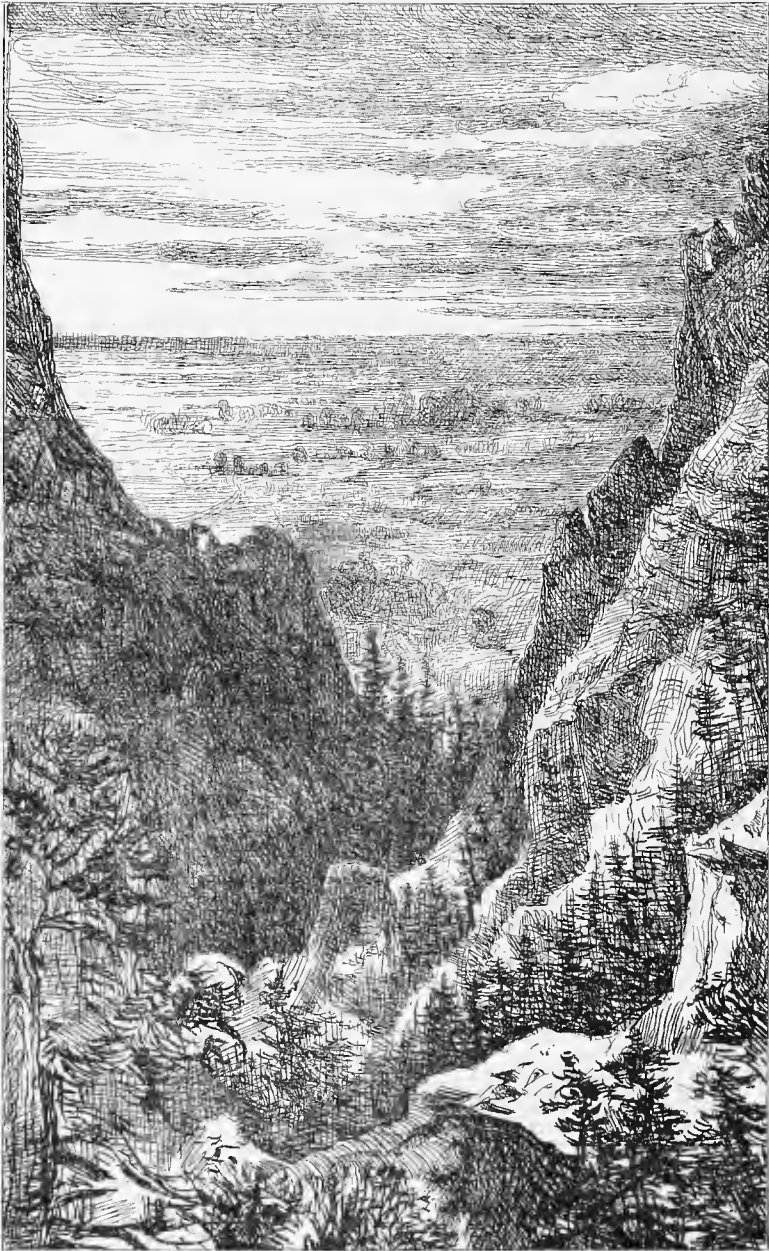


THE Fountain Colony! I wish I could do justice to the life of this street scene. Great ox-teams cross the lines of the fences, and whole trains of emigrant wagons surround the place of the new church about to be built, and turn the pretty street into a holiday scene. Happy children and men and women, just off their long journeys, crowd the place, so glad to get into their camping-grounds in the "Garden of the Gods," or up by the great springs of Manitou. I have borrowed a chair, and sit between the two largest trees of the village—single, leafless trunks, set out a few months ago. The great wild-flowers and weeds spring from the side of the irrigating ditch through which the water runs at my feet as clear as a *real* brook. Behind me stone-cutters are busily at work on the walls of the Episcopal Church, whose corner-stone was laid by Bishop Randal a week ago. Before me is the pretty Presbyterian Church, and to the right, just back of Captain de Courcey's rustic cottage, is the unfinished Baptist Church.

Yesterday, as we came from Cheyenne Cañon, we passed a camp which seemed to me just what I wanted for my sketch of the new church and the bright little cottages of the new

town, so again I breakfast at half past six and set off to get it. It is a long walk, and I have a high wind to fight with, but I persevere, remembering the home-like scene which attracted me last evening: the two children playing at an old man's knee, the grandmother getting supper at a camp fire, the tent with door half open, the horses contentedly grazing, and the empty "schooner" near by. But what a disappointment meets me this morning, and what a sad story! As I approach this little settlement, so peaceful and comfortable-looking last night, the children are seated on a chest, one of them crying because father will not let her carry home a pet prairie-dog, which she has on her knee. The old people are packing up bag and basket. A strong young fellow lifting the poor sick wife and mother into the wagon, which must carry them back to their home in Kansas. As the sad little group moves off, I catch a glimpse of a white face pillowed inside; the children sit quietly by the father, who is driving, while the stout old couple walk slowly beside. A sad start for home. The tent remains all tightly folded; they have left it behind that they might have more room for the invalid in the wagon. She came to Colorado too late; the blessed air cannot heal lungs so far diseased as hers, and, as I turn back sorrowfully to my hotel, I wonder if she will reach her home, or if they will have to stop by the way to seek a resting-place for her.

It is everywhere announced that rain is coming. The great mountain is in a mist. The train has just come in,



Looking out, Cheyenne Cañon.

and the omnibus dashes up with the passengers, who stop to dine before they go on to Pueblo or take the stage for Manitou. The landlord is going with a large party up Pike's Peak, to see the sun rise. In spite of the threatening rain, it is a jolly party which gathers in front of the hotel. Among them I notice one old lady quite as gay as the young ones, and who threatens to outdo them all. She must be sixty-five, and I am astonished at her courage. There are but five gentlemen in the party, and at least ten ladies. Later in the evening we sit and watch, from the piazza, the camp fires lighted half-way up the Peak. Many parties go there in the afternoon, rest in camp till three in the morning, and then climb to the top in time to see the sun rise. Since this party left there has been much rain, and we can imagine them getting dried by the huge fires blazing on the mountain side. There are many delightful people to talk to and to admire with me the great rainbow that throws its unbroken arch over the vast mountain range, and fills the very sky with its colors. I am told that I have not yet seen the best part of the cañon, and a gentleman offers to be my guide there to-morrow.

Roughing it in the "schooner" was well enough, but quite another thing is this to start, at half past six o'clock, after a good breakfast, in the lightest of carriages, with a spirited horse. With a friend of taste and culture to talk to, a knowledge of the route and of what we are to see, the toilsome tramp of yesterday became a pleasure and delight in this fresh morning air. A climb which brought out the great strength and patient kindness of my guide, and on my part a

little determination to "go on," bring us to the highest attainable point of the cañon, and from between the rocks we gaze out on the plains. There was, really, not a word to be said, and, with a long-drawn breath, I took refuge in utter silence.

We had been talking a great deal of the wonders of the mountain forms and their strange likeness to human beings, how they seemed to be reproduced even in the clouds of these peculiar skies; but here our speech fell mute in wonder and awe.

After an hour I found courage to attempt, with my pen, even a feeble remembrance of the scene, and my guide took his pencil. Looking up at his call, I saw a mighty eagle disporting himself in the deep, intense blue. Ah, how expressive his sweeping, soaring motions of delight, and freedom, and power!

The Old Hotel.



TAKE my seat at the great hill's edge, with my feet on wild gooseberry bushes, making an earnest and most uncomfortable effort to get a view of the old hotel of Manitou. It was here that our good friends of "The Home" made their first dwelling, pending the building of their beautiful house. How full of interest are the accounts of their coming here late in the evening of the last day of December, '71, when they reached this "hotel," a mere shelter of rough pine boards, where all the airs and the lights of heaven blew and shone through and through the rooms; but trouble and care could not abide in that heavenly atmosphere, and hard work became play; rudest civilization seemed golden Arcadian in the translucent air of Colorado, and the fare might have pleased the heathen deities themselves, so new and piquant seemed every meal. Black-tail deer (most dainty of all venison), buffalo and antelope, grouse and quail, trout from the brooks, and the strange new animal, the mountain sheep. "Sam," the trusty Scotch servant, was cook. He made endless fun for the children, with his hat tilted back on the very last hairs, his long, striding gait, and his white, even teeth perpetually gleaming in his good-natured, smiling face.

The mountains rose twice as grand and mighty in the evening sky, and they seemed to watch and guard that first sleep of the brave, adventurous family. The first morning was, as they said, like waking in heaven, and altogether beyond description, for here the seasons had refused to go, and had each waited for its successor to come and make good cheer; so winter had kept a skating-pond and a good snow-ball bank for the boys, while Spring came just beside to set the brooks babbling and the birds singing, and Autumn had insisted on "pre-empting" one sunny nook, where the late flowers bloomed and the feathery grasses waved, for the mother to deck rough wooden walls and tables. What a strange, unreal effect must that have been when, one morning, as the children were playing, their hair and their blue woolen dresses were suddenly sprinkled with shining frost-powder, and a diaphanous snow-cloud descended and enveloped every form, till it was as if all walked in a "vision of mist." Nights intensely cold, when every possible woven fabric was pressed into service for covering, followed by days of such heat that to bathe in the clear, bubbling spring, was a luxury, and summer clothes and sun-bonnets a necessity. Near the great mineral spring, fresh and virgin as Nature's hand had left it, where it seemed Undine must emerge if one lifted a stone, was the only habitation besides our own. It was the dwelling of a hermit invalid, who had been carried here, and who, in this healing air and with the use of the spring, became, after a while, well and strong. The coming of the M. family must have been a blessing to him; the

young girls made bread for him and brought him many comforts.

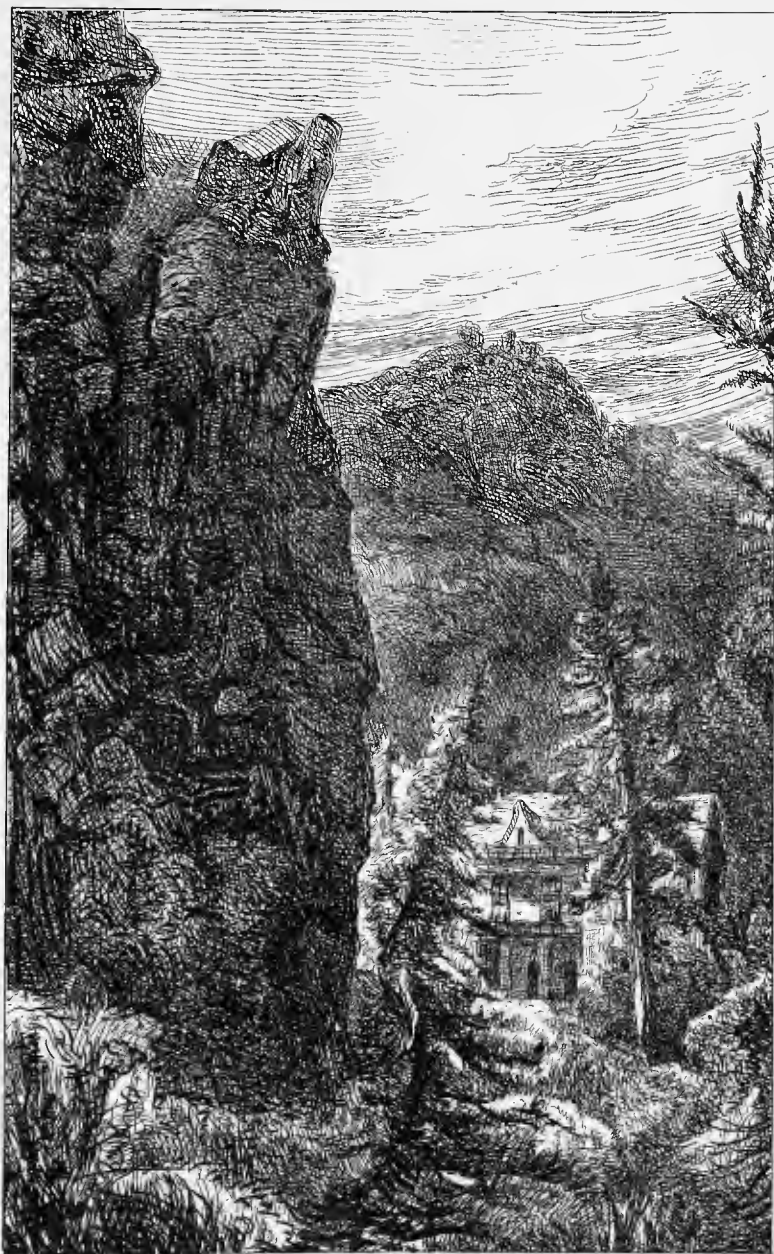
Many visits were made by the Indians, who came eager to "swoop" everything and anything, from a bead belt to a baby, and at last had to be forbidden a too near approach, in the fear that the bright hair and dark eyes of little Daisy might prove too tempting to them. The M. family are settled in their beautiful, luxurious home now, but they all agree that no sweeter remembrance comes to them than that of the weeks spent in their rough shelter, waited on and cared for by faithful servants, when each evening home-coming of father and brothers made a festival, and their hearts were in truest, happiest harmony, as they gathered round the table spread with choicest morsels from the game-bag of Old Criss, the hunter of Bergun's Park.

Glen Hyrie.

THE HOME.



UCH an excitement in the house, as well as through the cañons and the great rocks, and the empty watercourse that is welcoming the tempest beating down and actually storming us, though we are safely sheltered in the great house. Over from the school-house dash the boys, shouting with delight, and the dear foreign lady, their governess, looks sorrowfully out, and says: "Ah! the whole place is undermined; our poor school-house is washing away." All down the hillsides run wild torrents, strong enough to cut instantly their own channels; they meet at points, and rush wildly together, till they reach the thirsty creek, that rejoices in them like a giant refreshed. What half-human voices come from the rocks around! Only by those echoes can we tell where they stand, for the sheeted waters beat over and hide them. The people in the grounds fly and make for the barn, chased by this tempest, so sudden, wild, and fearful. Yesterday this same storm overtook and almost drowned people coming into



The Home-Glen Eyrle.

the town five miles away. This morning, how beautiful was everything as I sat at the lodge gate! Who could have dreamt of such swift destruction! But now we begin to see the rocks again—before I can finish writing of it, the sun is out again, and the wonderful clouds are made a thousand—thousand times more glorious; and yet, with a soft veil over all. I remember once in crossing the ocean a huge iceberg came close to the ship. It was in July, and in the sunset we sat on deck and wondered at the magic scene—never have I beheld such heavenly tints till now, among these rocks and clouds. From the Major Domo to the vast pile of rocks where the echoes live, stretches a great rainbow, which is three times repeated; behind it the gray escarpment and the outer wall of Glen Eyrie are almost transparent, and of a greenish tint, while the great red rocks stand sentinel in front, proud in their eternal strength, and rear their wonderful shapes, challenging our wonder, awe, and admiration.

Eyes better used than mine, will you come and help me to see what you have found in the awful architecture of these rocks? Here, in the escarpment, is the titanic buffalo, who looks down, solemnly watchful. Above him, a ruined castle; farther on, a pile of modern construction, with a mighty chimney in the centre, the gable end perfectly outlined; then, from the group of echo rocks, stands out a face, lined and worn to the semblance of an agony of grief, turned to heaven in awful supplication. It seems as if it must be the face of that Echo, which, through all these

ages, has answered only the cry of bird and beast, the voice of Indians, and the thunderings of the tempest.

I am glad to be able to insert here a page from this rare home-life of Glen Eyrie; it will better finish the picture than any of my own comments.

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MRS. M——'S LETTER.

I THINK it is such a boon to children when they are permitted to grow up in the midst of grand scenery. It is a constant inspiration and uplifting. Looking at these mountains gives one a desire to climb, mentally. Here there is no false standard of life, no unworthy desires or excitements to come between our children and nature's great heart. Many a whisper do they hear and many a lesson do they learn which needs no interpreter. The spirit and influences of these grand scenes enter into the pure young souls, and leave an impress which no time or trouble can efface. It seems almost a crime to rear a child in the city, to surround and hamper him with enervating habits and artificial dress. For a perfect growth of soul, as of body, a long, free, *open air* childhood is indispensable.

The sun is just coming up from behind the red rocks, to cast his glory over the beautiful picture spread before me. All Nature is waking. The birds are beginning their matins, and the brooks, with their never-ceasing music, make chorus

to all other sweet sounds. All the household are sound asleep; but this strange, new life fills me with a spirit of unrest, so I am up and on our piazza, to greet the lovely opening of day. I would fain call you back, dear friend, to share this clear, pure air with me, to rejoice with me in this new waking of birds and flowers, and the happy, healthy group of children, who rouse to answer the bright smile sent in by the sun to their nests. This great, glad sun has already tipped the rocks and hills down by "Melrose Abbey," and sent a shaft of light round the corner of Echo rocks, and ere I can finish this sentence, will have crowned the Major Domo himself.* What a shame that we are not oftener witnesses of the royal progress! how it strengthens the body and refreshes the mind to meet the long, hot hours of day, to respond to the calls on sympathy, and patience, and love, that come from the sturdy company of small people within the house. There! The opening note comes from Daisy. She has waked Marguerite, and there is a busy chattering going on in the dressing-room. The beautiful shoes sent by dear Papa are to be put on. Mademoiselle Julie (a superb doll brought by Mr. P.) is to have her breakfast and go out. Plans are being made for the day—the walks to be taken, the flowers to be picked, all in company with Clark, and Nat, and Chase. Yesterday, just after I had left the dinner-table, poor Curly Head was attacked by giant Hot Temper, and, I am sorry to say, completely conquered. All

* In whose great stone face the children have found a likeness to Abraham Lincoln.

the tribe fled to my room for safety, the little lion rushing after, lost to all reason, wild with rage. I caught him in my arms, told him how sorry I was that the giant had used him so badly, and to see him waste the strength which he needed to make him grow into a man; and when he was a little calmer, I sent him out to the piazza to cool off and think it over. Daisy, who had looked on gravely at the whole scene, followed the culprit, and with a face full of sympathy, sat down beside him, patting and kissing him, and called out to me, "Oh, come and see now; Clark is so pretty dis minnit."

And pretty enough they both looked, sitting in the sunshine. Curly head, with his rage all gone, his eyelashes still wet with tears, his face full of sadness, bent down to receive the loving caresses of the little comforter; conquered again, but this time by the love of the little flower-like sister. Well for him that love surrounds him to help him in the hard fight with giant Hot Temper. Since I have begun to write he is up and dressed, and has gone down stairs singing, hand in hand with little Daisy—another version of the lion and the lamb. He is seven years old to-day, our Curly Head. He told me yesterday he would rather I should whip him when he is bad than scold him, because it did not take so long! * * * * *

The Clematis is dripping all fresh from last night's rain. Yesterday in the hotel at Manitou the hostess had the handsome dining-room wreathed with it; we thought it lovely



The Lodge - Glen Syrie.

then, and praised her taste ; but here, oh here ! It makes wreaths at its own wild will, around and over and into the shrubs where I sit by the gate of Glen Eyrie, whence I see the very prettiest picture possible under the Eagle's Rock, where the nest hangs straight over. This is the Lodge of rustic work, with its diamond-paned windows, where the sunlight is dancing ; the boys are frisking around it, while Lottie, invested with sovereign power, is preparing lunch. To-day is high holiday, we are to have absolutely our own way, and are not to be called to account for any misdemeanor whatever.

At last these children understand that I am just as young at heart as they, while I am at my out-of-door work, and I share their confidences and enter into their plans beautifully.

There is plenty of fire-wood, and in the Lodge is an iron stove, and there is Lottie, if my eyes see aright, making pies and heating the oven ! Flour, baking-powder, butter and salt are mixed, and biscuits of the lovely primrose-tinted Colorado flour, are "rising" as light as our spirits. The water is boiled and tea is made. The boys give the room an energetic sweeping. Chase has taken off shoes and stockings, and is darting around promiscuously. Johnny Blair brings the wood and water. All help to set the table with tin cups and plates, pewter spoons and forks. Lunch is almost ready. Tea and biscuits, cold meat and fowls, and fruit, duly spread out, we "fall to" with real woodland appetites. Then the talk gets lively. Chase warns me of the rattle-snakes—he has killed them close to this spot. "When you hear a noise like a grasshopper," he says, "look

out ;” and when presently he goes to the rushing brook for water, he brings back, as convincing argument, the skin of a huge rattle-snake on a stick.

Last evening, when thunder and lightning waged war against my work, I grew heavy-hearted and despairing over it, and I thought, “How foolish to attempt to draw such scenery!” But I begin to find that here the spirit of the scenery enters within your innermost, and that it was the weather only which had darkened my spirit and weakened my hope. This morning is, indeed, a blessed revelation ; never was such air to breathe, such freshness of color, such depth and purity of light, and as for odors ! —

Clark makes dashes here and there for handful of wild flowers ; he says, “When you get a most beautiful smell, that’s a primrose !” and he holds a bunch to my nose. “Tip always smells them out.” Now Tip, who is an ill-mannered pup, not out of his A B Cs, feels the fine free state of things, and jumps, all dripping from a souse in the creek, right on my dress, knocks down chair and umbrella, and otherwise misconducts himself. Hugh, the pleasant Scotch gardener, stops, as he opens the gate, to say : “Eh, mem ! but this is a mairnin’ gude for mon an’ beastie as weel’s the thirsty groun.’”

Another time I should have groaned over my stupidity in having forgotten just the piece of paper which I needed, but grumbling is not to be thought of with this hour of full pleasure to live in, and already Clark is halfway back to get the missing paper for me, with Tip in hot pursuit.

These children make a rare story-book for me ; their home is an "Arabian Nights," Robinson Crusoe, and Sandford and Merton, all in one, and mingled by an artist hand. A shrill whistle, and — "Look at here ! Here we are !" and between the bushes stands Clark, holding in triumph a Larkspur twice his own height, his face all aglow with pleasure, and the sunshine sending back into his black eyes the glory of that blue flower. I think of the fountain of life that the blue bird in the Arabian tale sung of, and even Tip behaves as if he had had a draught from it, and had quite forgotten that he had ever been sent from the room in disgrace. Behind my boy come two of the ladies, and we hear a little scream, and "It's a snake ! I know it is !" but Clark laughs them to scorn, and shouts, "It's only a big toad !"

He comes to my side while I draw, and tells me they came here from the old hotel before the great house was finished, and says how much afraid they all were, it was so wild and lonely. He was only six years old, and was sure it must be just the place for gypsies. "Oh, I'd not come here, then, for anything ; I was sure the lions must be here, and the animals, so I kept close to the house. We saw wolves and foxes, and we heard barking up the mountains, oh, awfully ! it was wolves or bears. We were up the school-house cañon —oh, mercy ! we *were* so frightened ! We came rushing down the cañon, oh, didn't we ! Lottie, Chase and I, and told Brunette the wolf was coming !"

"And are you ever afraid now ?"

“No-o-o; we’re not afraid now—we were city boys then. We have such fun now! We killed a skunk yesterday, and then for the stink! Over there’s the snakes’ burying-ground—such a lot of graves, and didn’t we put them in deep! We thought it was such a wonderful thing to see the stones, we thought a little bit of stone was so beautiful; and oh, the big rocks! Now we climb, just for fun, away up to the top of the rock over the eagle’s nest.” And then I hear the story of how Margey was out with the baby and Daisy, and how an eagle came swooping down, and was going to carry off little Daisy. Margey made a great shake at him with the baby in her arms, so he had to fly away. How frightened they all were when Margey came home and said she’d never go there again with the babies; and the eagle *did* take a pet guinea-hen away; and the young bear they were taming tore at Nat’s leg one day, and had to be sent away.

Here came Nat himself, to bring me in to dinner.



Tim Bunkers Pulpit.

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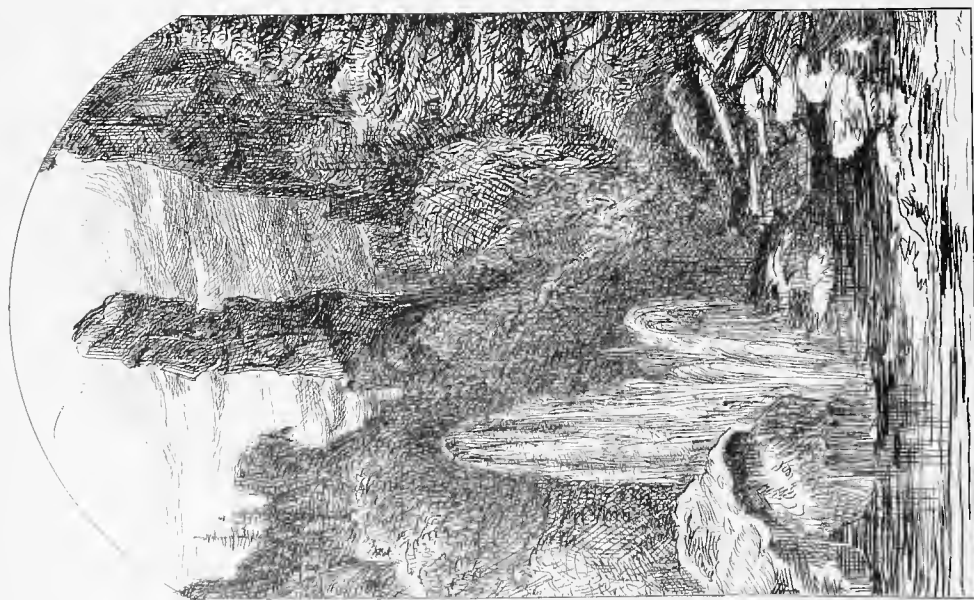
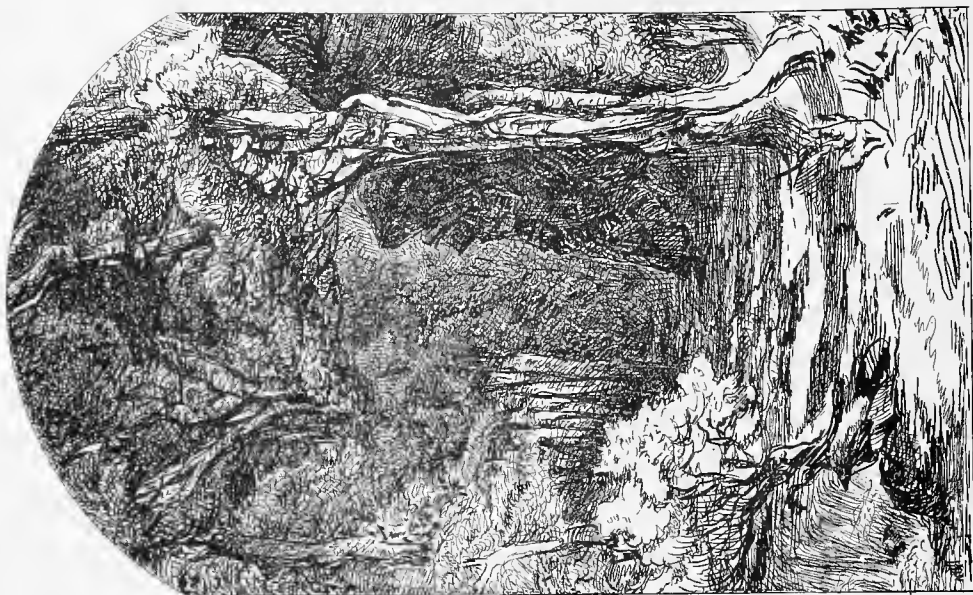
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Tim Bunker's Pulpit.

BEFORE we reach "Rainbow Glen," the opening of "Ute Pass," there looms before us a mass of rock, crowning the mountain. It is named Tim Bunker's Pulpit, in honor of a literary gentleman (Rev. Mr. Clift), who writes under this *nom de plume*. Just below this mountain is the mineral spring called "The Captain." On the left of the road is a log hut, and above its open door the word "Bakery," in staring red letters. An American flag floats valiantly from a shingle on the roof, and, within the rough domicile, various pies, sandwiches, and antelope pasties, invite the wayfarer to "refreshment." The lord of the log hut is a wholesome-looking and amiable Englishman; his wife, the compounder of all the eatables, is a Cockneyess, unmodified and convinced that all Nature's glories, all splendors of forest and stream and mountain, are as naught contrasted with the lost Eden of her boarding-house near Berkeley Square, where her drawing-rooms were so elegantly carpeted, and where the flower of "the gentry"

resorted for "furnished lodgings." Their daughter, lovely and blooming as a mountain nymph, has met and brought me to the cabin, where I am warmly entertained, and treated to many stories of their first wonder-filled experiences of the new country. The father of the beautiful girl—and a troop of bright-looking children besides—relates many amazing adventures, the crowning of all of which is, that once a roaring lion rushed at him and his comrade as they were descending the mountain, causing them much terror and the loss of many valuables cast aside in their narrow escape. But next day I learn from good Mrs. Steen that the lion could only have lived in the Londoner's excited mind—there are none; but perhaps she felt she had robbed me of a telling point in my notes, for she said, with haste to make up for my lost lion, "If you want to write down something *real* wonderful, there it is!" she points to a steak of fresh beef hanging in her *tree* larder. "You can tell how, in half a day's drying, that piece of beef will be fit to *chip* for tea, and the nights are so dry that you may wash out your clothes in the evening, hang them up out there, and in the morning they are quite fit to put on!"



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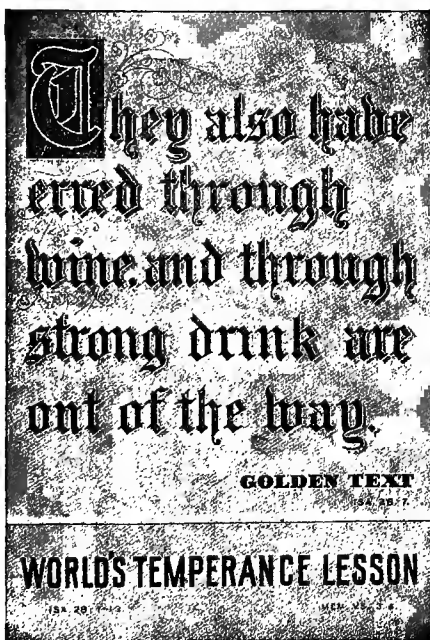
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WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON

Isaiah 28 : 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way."—Isaiah 28 : 7.

BIBLE READINGS AND HOME STUDIES



**They also have
erred through
wine and through
strong drink are
out of the way.**

GOLDEN TEXT
ISA. 28 : 7

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON
ISA. 28 : 1-13

Monday, November 21.—In this world, God's school, in which all the people old and young are scholars, there is one great text Book : what is it ? The reason for having the Book is that God wishes his people to be perfect in their lives, and to know how to help others, and to do all kinds of good deeds. Read II Timothy 3 : 16, 17.

Tuesday, November 22.—The messages of Isaiah, Amos, and other prophets whom God sent to his people, were like danger signals to a railway train; for the people were going in the wrong way, the way of disobedience, and that is always the way of danger. The people of Israel were a little farther along in this way than the people of Judah, and Isaiah thought perhaps he could help his people to see the danger they themselves were in, by showing them what was happening and other worse things that would surely happen to the people in the northern

LADY ELLEN'S STORY.

MY only brother was killed by Indians four years ago. He had been a fur trader for many years, and in his youth had hunted over this very ground. I remember him, when I was a little girl, telling me of the springs which we now call Manitou, how beautiful was their site, how sparkingly they bubbled up, and how wonderfully healing were their waters. The Indians came to camp around, to bathe in and drink of them. Coming in these after years with my children, all these stories came back to me vividly as I stood with my little people in the veritable wonderland, at the foot of Pike's Peak. While on my wedding tour we made a visit to Ottertail Lake, one hundred and ninety miles north of St. Paul, Minnesota. My brother was encamped there with his Indians. The journey was made in those clumsiest of vehicles, the Indian Red River carts, wooden—without a bit of iron. A wretched little Indian pony toiled along with each cart, getting many a blow from its Indian driver. I think it is Porte Crayon who has made such a good drawing of one of these trains. When night came there was a halt; we being in spring wagons went on, leaving the train behind us, and never saw it again till we had been ten days in camp. But it would be impossible for me to relate to you all the adventures of this wild trip. My brother's wife was an Indian. In their wild hunting life, the care of children had been too hard for both parents and little ones, so their two children had been in my charge ever

since their infancy, and it was five years since their mother had seen them. Now I was bringing them to meet her. At almost the end of our journey, one of our horses failed us, and as the Sioux were on the war-path, it was decided that I should take the children and go on to the camp, conducted by an Indian called "The Eyes," because of his wonderful sight, and send back fresh horses. We drove across the prairie where no road had ever been, and at nightfall reached a birch forest on the borders of a lake. The great birch trees, white and ghost-like, stood up around me, while the two children slept soundly. Far out on the lake were Indians in their canoes, fishing by their flaring birch-bark torches; beside me sat the silent Eyes, neither able nor willing to speak a word to me. It was late at night when we reached the camp. I had covered my face with a thick veil, to keep off the mosquitoes. The wagon stopped. Eyes stood up and called out something which I recognized as my brother's name. I uncovered my face, but could see nothing, all was thick darkness; but suddenly, as if they had come out of the ground, Indians crowded around with torches. If I had had an artist hand, I could have made a wonderful picture of that weird scene—those wild figures, the wigwams and lodges, the children roused from sleep, their faces full of wonder, the strange light from the glaring torches, and the quiet lake shining and glancing. While I sat spell-bound, the mother of the children came to the wagon's side—one long look she gave, turned half round, buried her head in her blanket, and uttered such a cry! It

was as if some dumb creature had been suddenly gifted with voice. It expressed the very agony of joy. It had been her wish that the children should come to me; but the prospect of ever seeing them again must have seemed so vague, so improbable, that she could only hope for its realization in the land of the Great Spirit—and now they were here! I am a mother now, so I can understand what that meeting was to her.

Next day my husband and brother came safely into camp. We stayed about two weeks, and led a life so wild, so unreal, it comes back to me now like a dream out of another existence. My brother visited us many times afterwards, at long intervals, generally leaving the children with us. He was one of the noblest specimens of mankind I ever saw. At his last visit he took his children back with him, having made a home on a ranche in Montana. Some years later, his wife having died, he determined, at our mother's urgent wish, to move back to St. Paul; but the intention was never fulfilled. Sitting one evening with his eldest daughter at a game of chess, there was a knock at the door, and six Indians came in. Supper was prepared for them, and having eaten, they opened their business. They had, they said, brought back some horses which had been stolen from my brother by some of their young braves, and if he would send his sons a few yards with them, they would drive the horses into the ranche. Only the oldest boy was at home, and he went with them, they telling him to ride in advance, as he had the best horse. They had gone but a little way,

when the boy heard a pistol *snap* behind, and turned quickly ; but the Indian had already hidden the pistol, and was, with seeming innocence, snapping a whip. My nephew understood it all, yet rode on as coolly as he could. But a few minutes, however, and the same Indian, coming close to him, said, "You have a great heart," and at the same moment shot him, the ball entering near the ear and passing through the cheek. As he fell from his horse, several Indians sprang upon him, rifled his pockets, and left him for dead.

Among the Indians at the house was a young man who had been brought up by my brother. He had been sitting with his blanket drawn around him, apparently in trouble. My brother, noticing this, said to him, "Natuscho, what has gone wrong with you? Come out and tell me what ails you, and we will see what can be done for you." They went out into the bright moonlight, and the other Indians immediately rose and took their guns from the walls where they had hung them, and went toward the door. One of the children called out, "What are you going to do with the guns?" "To shoot at a mark," was the reply. As they passed out, one of the Indians turned, and, taking the youngest child in his arms, said: "I don't want them to do it." Instantly the eldest girl sprang to her feet, crying, "You mean harm to my father. If you touch him, the very forest leaves will cry out against you!" As she rushed to the door she saw her father fall, shot through the heart by the wretch whom he had brought up! Was it not like nursing the adder?

My nephew had dragged himself, wounded and bleeding,

to the house, calling, "Father, father!" just as that dear father fell murdered. In a moment my poor niece comprehended the whole dreadful plot, and passing by her dead father, right through the group of savages that surrounded his body, went to her brother, whom she raised and bore to the house, and laid him on the bed. Again she went, taking with her the old grandmother, and, between them, they bore my brother's body, and laid him beside his still living son. All that dreadful night they passed together with but the doors between them and the fiends half-maddened by this taste of blood. When, long after, their father's mother asked them, "What did you do, my children?" they said, "What could we do, grandmamma, but pray?" Once during the night, when the brother was fainting from loss of blood, a little sister, only twelve years old, took a bucket and passed out through the room where the wretches were gathered. Looking at them calmly, she said: "You dare not touch me!" Awed by the sight of this brave child, they let her go unmolested a quarter of a mile from the house to the spring. Nor had one of them courage to enter the room where their victims lay. Many times through the night the handle of the door had been turned, but they came no farther. When morning dawned they rode away, having destroyed everything which they could not carry off; the whole party numbered thirty.

When they were gone the eldest girl walked half a mile to the toll-gate, told what had happened, and, returning to the house, waited for help to come.

My nephew recovered, and still lives on the ranche. The younger brother has since been killed by Indians. The girls are with my sister in Minnesota. Looking over a memorandum-book of my mother's, the other day, I saw: "August, —, —. My poor boy murdered by Indians!" and I wondered if any of the Peace Commission had such a record among *their* private memoranda. My brother's only offense was having strongly opposed the war projected by these red devils against the white settlers. They feared his influence, so murdered him in this, their own cowardly fashion. Immediately after his death the Pequod war broke out. * * *

NELLIE'S CLIMB UP THE CAÑON.

"Yesterday" and "to-day" are words bearing very opposite meanings to me just now; for, while stiff and aching, I think only of to-day's pain, yesterday's pleasure being left far behind, till

"Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swell at my breast, and turns the past to —"

The rhyme is spoiled, for I must put pleasure instead of pain

I congratulated myself on being finely equipped for the tramp up the Cañon—short walking-dress, stout boots, and veil tied over my much suffering and rebellious nose, for the sun burns fearfully here. But after the first quarter of a mile, which brought us to "The-Bath," the loveliest ever

Naiad bathed in, my heart misgave me. My boots seemed most unfit to be trusted, my dress a mere incumbrance, my veil no shield ; for, looking upward, there rose before us a straight wall of stones, bedded in gritty sand. Netta was the foremost of the climbers, Lottie and the boys followed, and I, poor I, brought up the rear, dolefully conscious of my Eastern inability to affront these aspiring paths. Chase, with a tin pail full of lunch, was my partner and help, for he showed me where to plant each footstep, how to get a moment's grasp on the loose and slippery stones, and how to dig my feet in the rolling sand, so as not to roll with it. I had my little basket of fruit strapped to my belt, but never was fruit so scattered, even by Ceres herself, as was my small store by the time we got to the top, burned and gasping. There we found the others sitting quietly under the shade of a pine tree. A long rest, and a slight refreshment with the remains of my fruit-store, gave us courage to contemplate the situation, and decide on the choice of the different ways to explore the cañon.

The Bath, called also the Punch-bowl, is a great pool hollowed out of the solid rock, eight or ten feet wide. Unless one swims across this, the only alternative is to climb the mountain, descend on the other side, and walk four miles through the bed of the creek, stumbling over dry branches and briers, and crossing the occasional wet places on natural bridges of logs. This we determined to do, and with one look at the view spread before us, we commenced the descent. Around us rose the rocks, one piled on another,

reaching farther than sight could follow in the dazzling sunlight ; below us, far down in the valley, the stream rushed over the stones, singing so loud that we could hear it even at that height, great silver pines bordering the bed of the stream, blue-jays darting among them "like winged flowers." We, the petticoated ones of the party, tucked our draperies taut and snug, and *went* sliding, slipping, tripping, tumbling, till we felt we must be turning into atoms of an avalanche, whirling down that awful slide till we came breathless and almost stunned to the other side of "The Bath." But through it all the brave bearer of the tin pail stuck to it with unswerving constancy. Luckily for us, by and by, when, hungry and tired, we found in its good contents the material of a famous lunch. Now, after a short pause for repairs, commenced our four-mile walk. Many a tumble from the slippery stepping-stones into the shallow water ; many a merry laugh as the boys, over-brave and daring, soused into the holes, getting their blue flannel suits well wet. Over logs and branches of fallen trees, crossing and re-crossing the little stream for an hour, we came to a pretty sparkling water-fall. This seemed to be the end ; but, going farther, we found a little way up, cut through the mountains, a narrow pass, where only three could go abreast. Through this, we came upon the loveliest view of all. Rocks piled up on every side, of every variety of shape and color, all life and vegetation crushed out of their arid sides, save now and then a pine clinging desperately in some slight crevice ; over our heads they towered threateningly, taking

no note of our noisy party save a grand, solemn echo, which they now and then sent back to our puny shouts. Silent and awful, they hold their secrets and their treasures, waiting till the "open Sesame" of science comes to wrest them from their keeping. Turning in this pass to the right, we came to a nearly perpendicular rock, and here were the foremost of our explorers, who had climbed a round, smooth boulder, a few feet separated from the rocky wall. Like flies they looked, clinging to its smooth surface, afraid to move an inch, lest they should slip into the deep water flowing between their perch and the main rock. Netta's brother was there, luckily; he, with his broad, flat climbing shoes, clinging more firmly, and was able to help the rest. Nat declared he would try the "other way;" so, with hands upon the main rock, and feet striding the stream, and resting on the boulder, he crept and sidled to the end. I, inspired with sudden ambition, rushed at the rock, but once on it, there the impulse ended. I could neither advance nor retreat, but adhesiveness, suddenly developed to a most unexpected extent, enabled me to keep my hold. One slip, and in full expectation of a plunge in the cold water beneath, I felt myself going—but my feet were seized by Nat, Mr. M. caught my hands, and I was safe. A few steps now, and we were at the end of the Queen's Cañon, that is, at the farthest point yet reached, and one to which few explorers have attained. I could hardly understand how we had succeeded in getting to it, till Mr. M. bade me look back and see how, by catching at every slight projection of the

rock, and lying flat on the rounded boulder, we had one by one made the passage.

Here our lunch-pail nobly fulfilled its high destiny, for the delicious bread and butter and cold meat which it had kept cool and dry for us were of priceless worth in giving us new strength and vigor, and after the last crumb had been eaten, we gathered ourselves up to push on again. Half a mile farther we reached the "Seven Baths," the most beautiful, but the most difficult spot we had yet encountered, with many new obstacles added to like ones of the preceding part of our excursion.

We had succeeded in getting past five of the seven "bowls" (or baths), and found then that our only chance of getting onward, by a part of the rock rounding at a certain turn, was precluded by a sharp, uncompromising rock jutting out just in our path. One of our boys scaled up the face of the rock, but found a passage quite hopeless; at his call for help to get back, we tried to reach him, but at that moment a large piece of rock was loosed and came tumbling down on the head of poor Netta, stunning her and causing universal consternation. Cold water, freely applied, restored her, but the accident effectually checked all further efforts at the exploration of Queen's Cañon for that day. We turned back rather crest-fallen, but the merriment was restored to our party by Lottie's sudden splash and flounder in the water. Startled by the noise, I let my paper and pencil slip from my hand, and off they sailed, rejoicing in happy escape from the miserable sketch to which they had been doomed;

but a brave dart and clutch recaptured them, and I had, at our halt, the pleasure of securing the first view of "The Seven Baths" that has ever yet been put on paper.

A thunder-shower, with pelting rain, accompanied our homeward march.

What a condition we were in as we reached our longed-for home—wet and dilapidated, and oh, how weary! But bath and brush soon made all right, and the eventful day was closed by a merry dance and lovely music, and our sleep was sweet, although broken now and then by a sudden start, as in our dreams we fell off the dreadful precipices and plunged into the rushing stream.

The New Town.

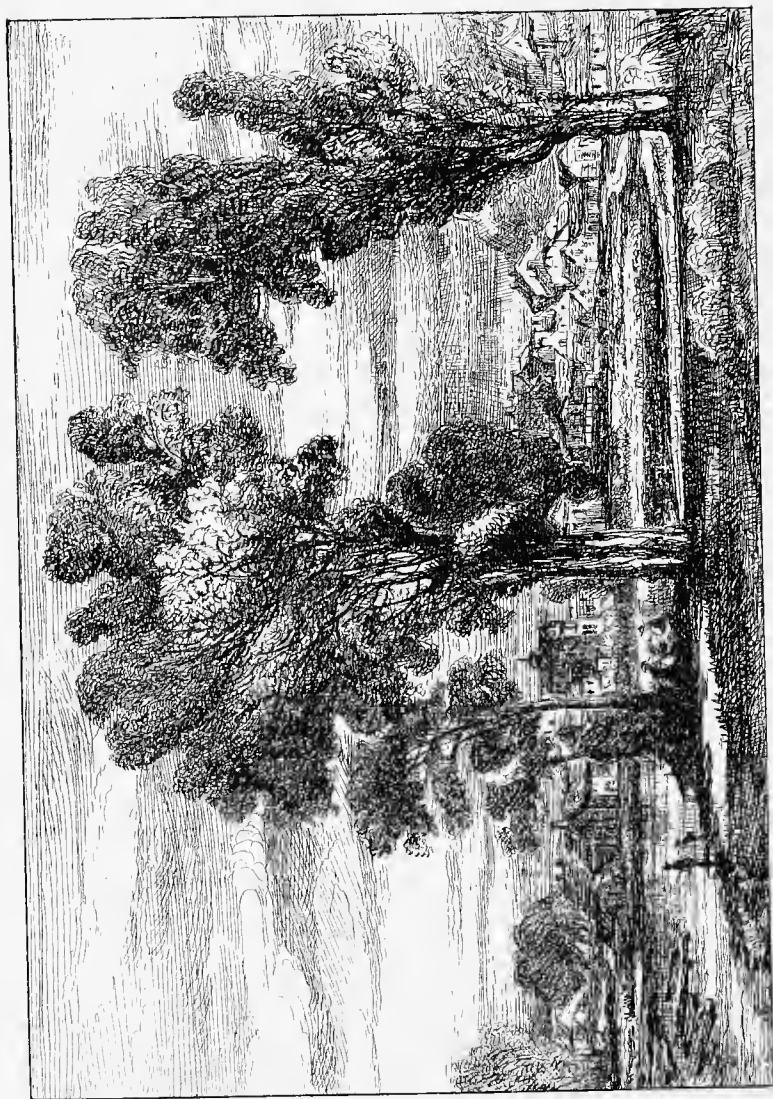


IT is high holiday for the children of the "New Town," to-day, for the circus has arrived, and causes no little excitement. Away out here a circus is an event of the utmost consequence, and, as it is the first time of its appearance in Colorado Springs, the whole population is stirred, the news has spread far and wide, sending men, women and children, who could by any means find horses to bring them, and coin enough to admit them to circus delights. This morning there was a gorgeous procession of the "Company," the "Forest Monarch" marching along as dry and dusty as the road itself, and two young buffaloes looking savage and solemn on the crowds gathered around. *Our* children had come from Glen Eyrie, their eyes dancing in anticipation of the wonders awaiting them at the afternoon performance. Special trains came puffing along the "narrow gauge," mightily important, but a little taken down by their having been of space too circumscribed to admit the "Fat Woman," who had to come rolling on in a prairie schooner; but she *did* come, true to time, and the tents went up, with the lemonade and candy booths, the drums and brass band, and all the belongings of a real traveling

circus. In the evening, when we "honored the performance," we could see another proof of the "enterprise" of the Company, in the flaring jets of gas which they manufactured "as required." What startling effects of color came out! The lads and lasses in true Western toilettes, where blue contends with scarlet, orange with green. Knots of purple, pink, or yellow, adorned the hair of the belles, which was worn simply flowing over the shoulders; they had but followed Dame Nature's summer fashion-plate, wherein glow and sparkle blue mountains without any softening veil of distance green; *green* trees, snow-white soapflowers (or Spanish daggers), and long stretches of goldenest sunflowers. The entertainment, not bad of its kind, fulfilled its end of giving intense pleasure to young and old. There was much lemonade circulated quietly, but more briskly as the performance drew to a close, and at the last anxiously pressed on the attention of beaux, who were urged to refresh their fair companions. "Only half-price, gentlemen; elegant lemonade, ladies *and* gentlemen, *only* half-price!" but there was much stock left on hand, for the audience were already dispersed, and almost before the last lingering little boy had departed, the tent was down and rolled away, the animals hustled on the waiting car, the fat woman, with the squeaking-voiced dwarf cuddled close to her comfortable lap, stowed into the "schooner," and the great Western Circus was only a succession of dots in the distance.


"Well, Clark, what did you like best?"

Little curly-head looked up. "I liked it most when the man put his head in the elephant's mouth!"



Old Pueblo.

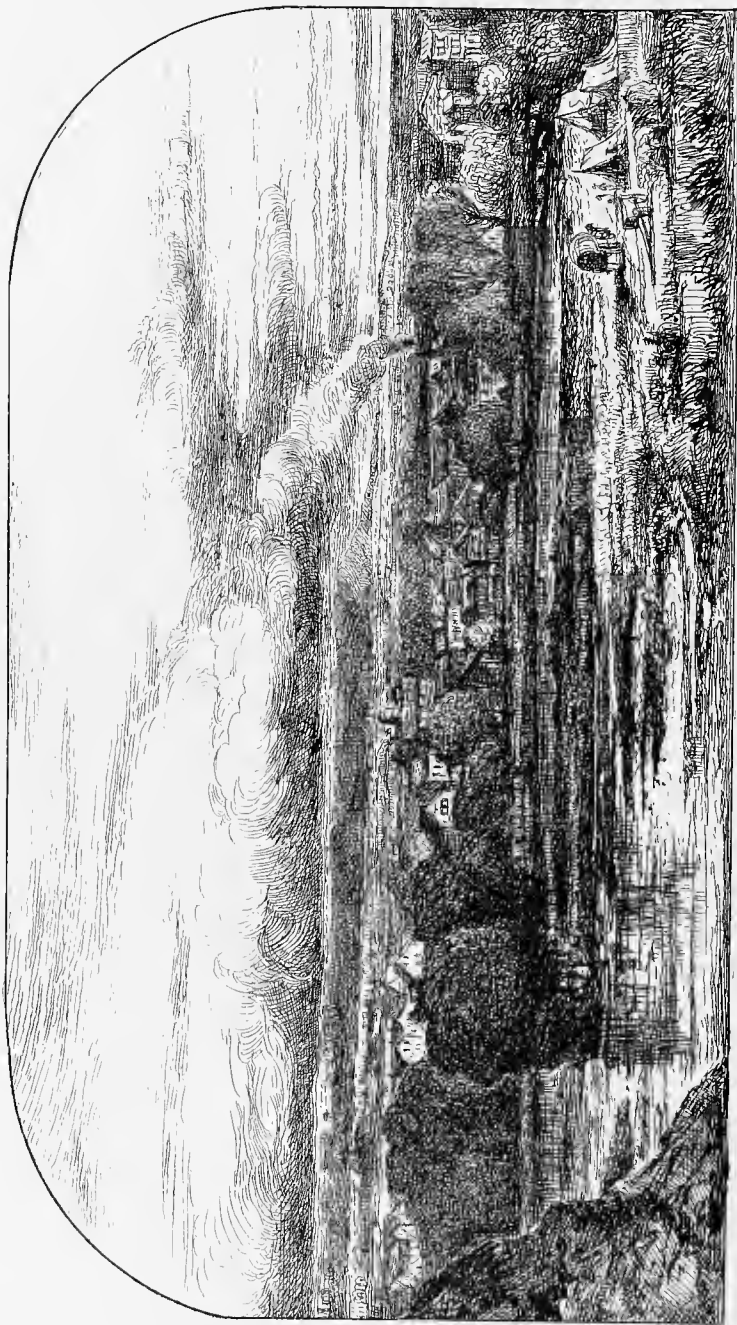
Pueblo and the Coal Mines.

N the gay party assembled for an excursion to Pueblo and the coal mines, I had the good fortune to be included. The feelings of our entire company are expressed in a letter* of warm and sincere thanks to General Palmer, and the officers of the Central Colorado Improvement Company, for their many kindnesses and courtesies.

On that trip I first comprehended the luxury of travelling by a "special" train; resting in an easy chair, listening to stories of long-ago in these regions, when railroads were unthought of—rushing at a speed of forty miles an hour, but stopping at will wherever scenery or incident invited our stay. This was the very poetry of motion, or, at least, the refinement of steam traveling. As we approached Pueblo, a great change was apparent in the character of the scenery. Pike's Peak was grander, the Spanish Peaks and Cheyenne Range more lofty and varied in outline, the Arkansas more rapid and winding, with the added beauty of tall, graceful cottonwood-trees rising to a great height on its banks.

* In Colorado Springs *Gazette* of 16th August.

Pueblo, now a bright and growing business town, is new and fresh in almost all its streets and buildings. A few of the low *adobe* houses, which were once the only dwellings of the town, still remain at the entrance ; but the new city has taken its station on a high, breezy bluff, one of the loveliest possible sites. From Pueblo to the coal mines is the wildest bit of country I have yet seen. The climate in winter is very fine, and there is a large hotel projected close to a spring of iron and soda, where invalids may pass the whole season in comfort of sky and sunshine, both of which we nearly forget as we enter the mines. By the twinkling lamps carried in the miners' hats we see and wonder at all the dark processes of mining. A friend wrote for me some of the salient points in the history of these mines and of the miners ; and, only that my space is too small, I would gladly transcribe his letter. The men whose lives are spent in these sad underground shades can have but gloomy and cheerless lives. He says : " The work is very hard. Often the 'cuts' are made by the miner while lying on his side, the pick used by working it over the shoulder, the hole drilled, filled with powder, and blasted, the daring workman still in this uncomfortable position. Some compensation they do manage to find in the spending of their hardly-earned wages." Beef, mutton, vegetables, and pudding, cloth, muslin, silk, and shoes are their ideas of " comfort, of life ! " As we emerged from the black pit into the day, made dazzling by contrast, a huge miner, who has been our guide and general informant, calls out to " Dave," to know



View from South Pueblo.

if the new beer had come. Now, "Dave" has been pointed out to us as *the* character of the place—I should say, Dave and his mule, as the two are but parts of one character, whole and indivisible. The *Dave* part is a hunchback, the mule a marvel of strong thews and long ears. Dave's voice is as the herald and proclaimer of all mining movements, heard long before even the ray of his lamp or the tip of the mule's ear reach the mouth of the mine. They bring out the coal and, blessed compensation, bring in the beer. "Who will you have to bring in this beer?" calls General Palmer down the shaft. A great shout from mingled voices answers, "Dave!" and Dave responds lustily, and the mule rattles his bell gayly, as both disappear with the refreshing can. We turn away from these living tombs with a little glow of comfort in our minds, as we know that there is still even that compensation left to the hard lives passed in the Pueblo Coal Mines.

Monument Park.

AND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Extract from a letter of GENERAL PALMER.



THE remarkable rock formations which I have attempted to delineate, may seem to be rather the creation of the artist's fancy than the result of even the most eccentric contortion of nature. The letter which I am kindly permitted to use, is given not alone for its attestation to my honesty; but because of its vivid description of the weird region, which cannot be observed from too many stand-points. It was written several years ago, during an early exploration of the country.

* * * * *

“Right along the base of the Rocky Mountains where the first range struggles to leave the plain, sixty-two miles south of Denver, is a park of surpassing loveliness, covered with verdure, and interspersed with fantastic forms of stone. From the upper end, rises dark and frowning, over a thousand feet perpendicular, the mountain wall; here, showing the bare cliffs and peaks of granite and porphyry; there, covered with dense forests of pine. Out of this wall open



Monument Park.



Monument Park.

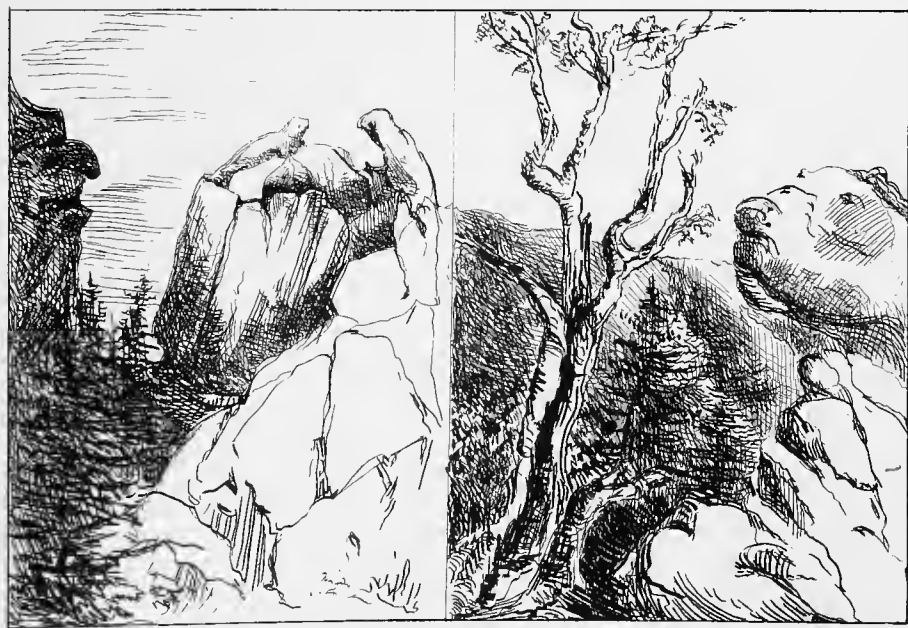
deep, rugged cañons, immense chasms and ravines, whence come dancing and leaping the glad water, which we shall guide off into lakes and send up in fountains, until the naiads and water nymphs shall be tempted to make this their home.

“Up these cañons we shall be able to explore till we reach the very summit of the Rocky Mountains, whence we can look down into South Park, that magnificent valley in the clouds, and catch a view of the snow peaks of the range. At our feet will surge the great ocean of the Plains, visible for two hundred miles to the eye that can see so far,—all the grand rolls and high ridges smoothed into a gently rippled sea. There is no danger of exhausting this field of discovery, for the whole side of the mountain range is furrowed with these tortuous and solemn ravines. How quiet they are—except for the rushing water as it hurries from its inaccessible heights and recesses—how weird are those dark old pine trees counselling with each other in a dismal moan. Will you care for the great boulders which try to block up your way? or will you delight to climb over them and up the rugged mountain side with an alpen-stock?

“Our home itself, nestled quietly at the foot of these giant cliffs, will have no commonplace feature; for standing around everywhere are piles of rock, taking all imaginable shapes of humanity and of human constructions; there are goblins which came out from their cavernous home in the mountains one night, and were fascinated by the beauty of the place into a too prolonged stay; the rays of the morning sun caught them, and before they could hurry back, they

were turned to stone. It is impossible to describe the quaint and sombre character these eldritch forms lend to the scene. Some have the shape of huge frogs petrified as they leaped—others, of tall grenadiers, straight and soldierly as on the tour of duty ; donjons and ramparts, Chinese mandarins, and vast furnaces bulged out by heat.

“ The imagination might busy itself for a life-time in deciphering the curious shapes found here and in the region stretching for many miles north and south along the mountain base. The most wonderful of all being in that strange enclosed park called the Garden of the Gods.”



The Garden of the Gods.

Bergun's Park.



AT last we are in our camping-ground, with Park lands stretching around us so far and broad that all sense of locality is lost, and we would find it hard to say whence we had come; we only know that we have been sent in advance of the main camp, and are here with leisure for sketching and for enjoying the most "realizing sense" of true ranche life. Sitting at breakfast, near, but not *in* the log house, the table of rough pine boards adorned with red cloth and a fresh bouquet of exquisite prairie flowers, mutton-chops, potatoes mashed and browned to perfection, coffee and milk and cream; near us are cows and horses, and the beautiful, graceful, antelopes; broad slopes of green pasture, with long, cool shadows thrown here and there; skies of purest blue, and mountains—mountains, all around—they surround us, but the grand distances take away the feeling of being imprisoned by them, and Pike's Peak is so softened and mellowed by the atmosphere, that all sharpness and grimness are quite melted away. This ranche, forming in itself a noble estate, is the

centre of Bergun's Park. A novelty in ranche life meets us on entering, for the English and comfort-loving Mr. T., the proprietor, has made a fine vegetable garden, neatly fenced around. Shining tin pans drying against the brown logs, denote milk and cream. A deep shed or alcove contains the stove; next to that the large kitchen and dining-room combined; on one side of this a sleeping-room, on the other the ranchero's particular pride and care, the dairy.

In our wagon were three English friends, and our good, newly-arrived English Ann and her husband, whose mission it was to cook and do for us. Ann had been a servant of Mr. T.'s family in England, and her long, pathetic look at log walls and earthen floor, and Mr. T.'s hands and face, browned with real toil, expressed distress, and pity, and regret. "Indeed, ma'am," she said, with a heavy sigh, "'tis strange to see 'im 'ere; but," she added, reflectively, "'e looks much 'ealthier."

But Mr. T. did not seem to share in her depressed feelings—he was deeply engaged in preparing our "apartments," a supplementary log house, the second story of which was reached by a ladder from the outside. He saw to everything; and brought me a great basket of green peas to shell for dinner; two little gray kittens were coiled on a huge buffalo robe; "That is my bed," said he, pointing to it; and when I groaned, "How you must ache every morning!" he laughed, and replied, "That was a small item in a ranchman's life."

Next day our party had come, and, with a regretful good-

bye to beautiful Bergun, and Mr. T.'s ranche, we started in full procession for real camp life. The baggage-wagons had been sent to the Platte River, forty miles away, but we camping people filled five "ambulances," as the wagons used for camping are called. At our halts we had often to depend on these for shade, in which to rest or lunch, for the days were hot, though lovely and clear. The long morning and afternoon rides were full of novelty and enjoyment; some of us on horseback, with all sorts of devices for saddles and riding-habits, made marks for the jests and merriment of the rest, but often the wildest fun was silenced suddenly as some overpowering beauty of view opened before us, and the sunsets were of a glory beyond the power of words to describe.

Our first night did not disappoint our hopes of an adventure, for two of our wagons strayed from the rest, and were honestly, veritably lost. We were with the stragglers, and very strange and eerie it felt, trying to find the track in the deepening gloom, our only light coming from a small oil-lamp, owned by one of the provident ladies. We had been promised fresh trout and grouse for supper by Governor Hunt, but supper and Governor Hunt seemed vanished into illimitable space. But soon a ranche light greeted us, and brightened hope and faith. A true Western welcome was given to us, and preparations for affording us shelter for the night were quickly made. We learned that we had diverged eighteen miles from the proper route. Weary and hungry, we took most gratefully the tea, and bread and ham, and

delicious butter, and then disposed our cramped limbs as best we could on the long combination couch. The kind mistress of the ranche had unpacked all her winter wraps to furnish us coverlets. The gentlemen betook themselves to barn and hay-loft, and all got through the night comfortably.

Colonel Kittridge and his wife made our breakfast a feast, with goodness and hospitality presiding. We had to go in companies to the table, but that was no hindrance to our glee, for those who waited had the glorious air and the grass and prairie flowers outside to compensate; there was plenty of time for a drawing, and, inside, the picture was too striking to leave without some reminding sketch. Such a wonderful deep and shadowed chimney-corner, built of clay and stones; split log walls, hung with some pictures; a clock, antique and ponderous, making its appearance there an utterly unsolvable enigma; a great tub of water; a sewing-machine; and a guitar! and the dominant figure of all was the lovely "ranche mother," with her pure and refined face, blue eyes, and wavy hair. She consented to be made a picture of, as she held her baby in her arms; and, while this was being done, she spoke much of their life, its enjoyments as well as hardships; they had many visitors in winter, and these, with the magazines and journals from the East, made the weary months pass pleasantly.

Again on our march, we come through ranches thickly stocked with fine cattle, on traces of our lost main party—they had pinned a notice of where we were to go on a tree



Col. Kittredge's Ranch.



Our Camp by Pass Creek.

which they thought we could not fail to see. At noon we met Governor Hunt, and presently we got into camp at the head of the Platte Cañon, in South Park. In the afternoon tents were pitched, our stove-fire lighted, and dinner cooked. Our dining-room was a large tent, a piece of canvas spread for table-cloth, carriage cushions for seats. In the open, or sky kitchen, wonderful feats of cookery were exhibited. Our ebony empress, Victoria Jones, queening it superbly in that dominion, and George, equal as to shade, inferior as to position and capacity, is prime minister. There is revolt in his manly breast, though, for his sable dignity feels it an affront to be "ordered about" by—a woman. Then Thomas, our waiter, comes with the *kettle* full of fragrant tea in one hand, in the other the pot of steaming coffee. From tin cup and platter we derive nectar and ambrosia; but the *table d'hôte* of Olympus must have been flat and tame, compared to ours. Trout just caught, and game, for our gentlemen are all mighty, if somewhat *bragging* hunters, and occasionally deign to accept a weaker vessel as companion. Those who can put the grasshopper bait on the hook, and take off the poor, wriggling prey without faintheartedness like to go—all who can't—decline. A last affecting keepsake to our departing train in Colorado Springs was a powerful, if not melodious, tin horn. To the dismal wail of this we must rise, dress, breakfast, pack up, and decamp. This last proceeding is the only part of the time in which getting a sketch is possible, and pen and ink are in rapid use while the horses are being put to, and bundles and all

the innumerable belongings of camp-life are being stowed away; then we gather into the ambulances and look our last on the traces of our short stay.

But it is in the evenings, round our blazing camp fires, that we feel the full magical delight and romance of our life. Between the tin horn's sad howl and the chill damp of morning, the first hour of day draws rather heavily on patience and courage, and the noonday rides are often hot and weary; but at night everything inharmonious has disappeared; in genial circle we surround the blazing logs, and with Tyrol zither, merry wit and thrilling story, the hours spin on till they are nearly merged in the "wee sma'" ones, before we make up our minds to separate.

As we near the Platte the grass is heavy and rich—it is orange, and red, and green. Nature revels in riches of color and material. Many minerals are found, and moss agates are plentiful. We come on a modern house, built by Mr. Hall, and we alight and are invited to come in and see Mrs. Hall's collection of minerals, which proves to be very fine.

CALIFORNIA GULCH.

In passing through California Gulch, we see where some of the most earnest mining experiments have been made. The scenery is very grim. Rocks torn and thrown together, sparse verdure of blue-green tint, twisted pines, often withered and bare. The little vignette on the cover is a picture of a miner's cabin, and the miner, a blue-eyed, fair-haired

German, lived there alone, working for gold, washing it out of the creek. He told us, in his native tongue, never having learned English, a long story of great good fortune, followed by cruel wrong, from a dishonest "partner," and after losing his hard-earned gold, he had come back, patiently and persistently to wring fortune a second time from the grudging earth, this time refusing all partnerships.

At "Granite" a mishap befell, for we overtook one of our carriages lying on its side, two wheels gone, and nothing of the occupants to be seen! We pushed on to the village, a most forlorn and miserable assembly of log cabins. In the one "store" we found a human being with sufficient life and intelligence to answer our questions. None of the upset ones had been hurt. They had passed the dangerous part of the hill before the break-down, and had all gone on to Twin Lakes. We turned and drove over the hills, all covered with wild sage brush, and presently came upon another mining village. Here we had to make a haphazard choice between two roads—a wild enough one it proved to be, the one we took, unmarked by much save a lonely little graveyard on a dreary hill, overlooking a log village, itself very much resembling a burying-ground; however, we arrived at our wished-for destination—Twin Lakes. There it was necessary to ford the Arkansas, to reach the road. The water nearly came into the carriage, and the horses 'improved the occasion' by taking a hearty draught, and there we had such a mountain view! A man, carrying home a great string of fish, tells us we are more than nine thousand

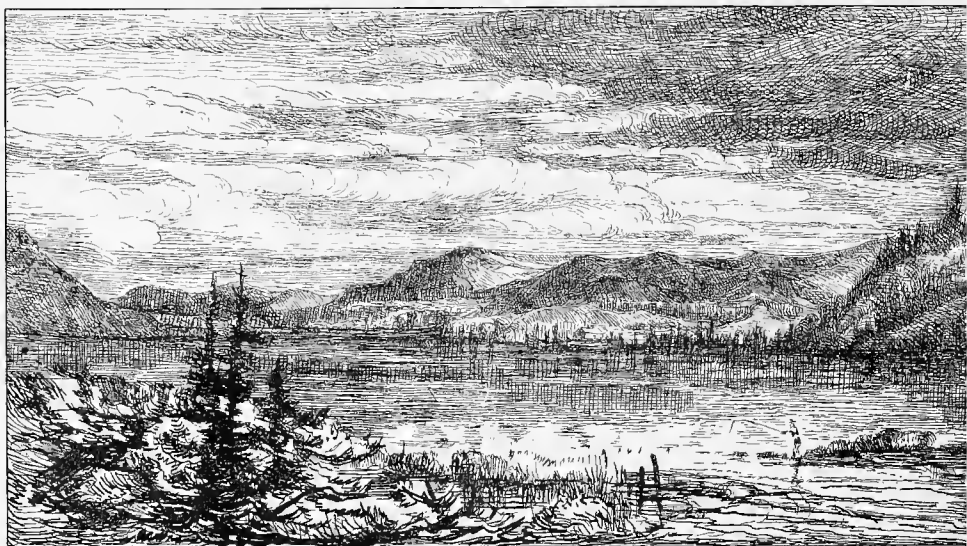
feet above the sea. The air was sharp and cool as we crossed from the first beautiful Lake to its Twin close by.

There we found the camp all pitched and supper being prepared, so we fresh arrivals turned in, and attended to sleeping arrangements.

Next day there was a division in the camp—an amicable one, however—some went fishing, others sketching, others exploring the cañon near the lake. This involved much rough riding and grievous bumping over the stony road. A mighty rain descended, driving us back to the camp shelter; but we, too, had our misfortune while returning, for, at a particularly disagreeable part of the gulch, we were overturned on the sharp rocks. The terror of knowing that we were “gone,” was a striking sensation, but we escaped without much severe injury. Two of the ladies had sprained ankles, and we were all thoroughly frightened. We managed to reach the hotel by the lake, when one of our party, the lady who has made herself so well-known by her letters on Colorado, exhausted by fear and fatigue, fainted. The hostess, a sensationally-minded person, rushed to the rescue, exclaiming, “Oh! what an honor to have Grace Greenwood faint on my floor!”

PASS CREEK.

After recovering from our fright, and having refreshed our hungry selves, we returned in the carriages with many misgivings at the ominous slides and lurches which we encountered. At evening we were in a cañon, the grandest but



Twin Lakes.



The Deserted Mill.

most gloomy we had yet passed. The little ones cried with fright, and even the elders shivered and quaked at this terrific look into the hiding-places of Nature. It was truly, as one of the party said, the very valley of the shadow of death. Yet the most imposing name which they could find for this mighty cañon was "Pass Creek!"

Oh! how cheery the camp-fires looked, and how comforting was their blaze, coming from the awful valley and the pouring rain. The fishers came in with their tribute to the supper-table, and night and rest were very welcome to us all.

Beside the lower lake they were trying to make the camp fire burn, but it was a difficult matter, for there had just been a heavy shower. In a little while the sun comes out hot enough to dry, in five minutes, the sacques and hats which were wringing wet. Fish has been caught and is brought home in triumph, which compensates fully for the wetting incurred in catching them. The drawing of the "Deserted Mill" is finished, and it is pleasant to lie beside the crackling fire on the skins and blankets spread over the wet grass, watching the preparations for dinner, which go briskly forward. Governor Hunt should be a "cordon bleu"—he quite excels our two cooks in all delicacies of broiling and baking, and how fresh and bright is his talk the while he works! "For twenty-seven years," he says, "I have been learning this; it would be a shame if I did not do it well." While we lunch, a man comes up and "*squats*" a little way off, to have a chance word with us. He is owner

of the only inhabited log hut around the mill. We ask why this mill is idle, and he says when the mining work fell off, there was no work left for it. He staid here for love of the place, and because he has some horses. Of these he likes to talk, and of one especially, which loves sugar, and can be coaxed by it to do anything, and is not to be frightened even by a buffalo-robe. This leads to a description of buffalo-hunting on the plains, last winter. What a grand set of teeth the wild fellow has! They gleam as he tells how, half the time he has been away from the States, he has had nothing but a knife to eat with, and only antelope or venison, without bread or salt, to live on. His coat is in tatters, but he talks of "fixing up" his place, so that all the folks from the States that come a-pleasuring may be more comfortable than they can be now, for many stay a night or two with him when they are here fishing—there is better fishing here than up at the lakes; and it is certainly a lovely stream, this broad river rushing down from the Twin Lakes. What a country! What bewildering beauty, taking speech away, but giving, in return, a strange pleasure in life—a happy, care-for-nothing sort of feeling.

Our camp, on the shore of the upper lake, was close and warm that night, and we were glad to leave it for the fresh, pure air almost at sunrise, and to look again at the lake, lovelier even than it had seemed the night before. The miners' deserted village was to be visited after breakfast, and a drawing to be made. The village was rather disappointing as a subject, and looked sad and dreary; no blue smoke

curling against the mountain-side ; no miners' garments, red or blue, hanging up to dry ; no babies, to open their big eyes at the strangers ; only a little old shoe, patched by some thrifty mother with pieces of cloth, lying at my feet, among the wild sage-bushes. On the steps of the nearest house a man is seated, and, after a long look at us, he comes across the stream, and talks a while. The name of the place is Dayton ; its chief inhabitants, now, are prairie dogs. He is very lonely here, and, if agreeable to us, would like to talk. By degrees we learn his history. A Bavarian, from near the Rhine ; he had made his way from the poverty around him, and came to Illinois, where he had worked at hard day-labor ; but his health failed, and he mended shoes, not having *talent* enough to make them ; and, finding much time on his hands, he studied English, and a little Latin, to help him with the *roots*. From this awakening of the love of knowledge followed the study of botany and conchology, and the forming of a fine collection of specimens, the introduction to eminent men, and, at last, his appointment as botanist to the Wheeler expedition. In "Wood's Botanist and Florist " he has now a credit for twenty-seven new species of plants ; and in the " American Journal of Conchology " a credit for seven new species of shells. A brave, self-made man, indeed, worthy of all respect, and of the emulation of many a struggling youth.

The drawing finished, the conversation over, we said good-bye, and mounted into the wagon just drawn up by Governor Hunt, and began the passage through the valley of the

Arkansas, a wild, rough gorge, with many a steep climb for the unflagging ponies. But the moon shone bright, and gave us hope and courage, and songs and stories lightened the way. Among all those strange scenes which, in the moonlight, made continually changing illusions to our senses, we felt perfectly disposed to believe all the wild tales of Indian raids and "scares," and of the adventures which our guide and friend, Gov. Hunt, had to relate; and, as his last and most awe-inspiring story came to a close, so did our night-ride, and we found ourselves once more at our camp-home.

MOUNT LINCOLN.

August 30-31.

The ascent of Mount Lincoln began from Fair Play, to which place we had come from the Twin Lakes. The horses of our baggage-wagons had turned rebels and run away; so, camping not being possible, we were obliged to find beds in the hotel—not a pleasant change after the camp—but we looked on it as so much of preparation for the climb.

So, on the last day of August, we set forth, a happy party; lumber-wagons, carriages, horses and mules, each bore a part in conveying us. The morning was fair, indeed. Autumn tints had already touched the trees; the earth lay round, broken and rugged from the miners' work; mountains stood beautiful in the pure air; over all towered Mount Lincoln, so named by the miners in honor of the man whom they loved.

Passing Alma, Dudley, and many camps and little settle-

ments of miners' huts, we reach the silver mine. In strange and inharmonious contrast to the bright tints around, lay, here and there, freshly fallen snow ; and, as we toil our slow way up the Mount, we glance down the great crescent-shaped basin of the foot-hills, rising on either side of the Platte Valley, where, just then, hundreds of miners were cooking their mid-day meal. More and more tortuous does our path become, till we must look upward to steady eyes and nerves. The carriages of the advanced party seemed just ready to topple over on us. We soon left all verdure behind, only great splashes of a plant, crimson-red, still appear among the broken rocks, till we come to the Montezuma—the highest mine in North America—and then we stand on a still higher point, to look over the vast expanse of mountain, and upon the Divide, a narrow ridge, rising between mountains, where, should you pour a cup of water, half of it would run on one side to the Pacific, and the other half to the Atlantic.

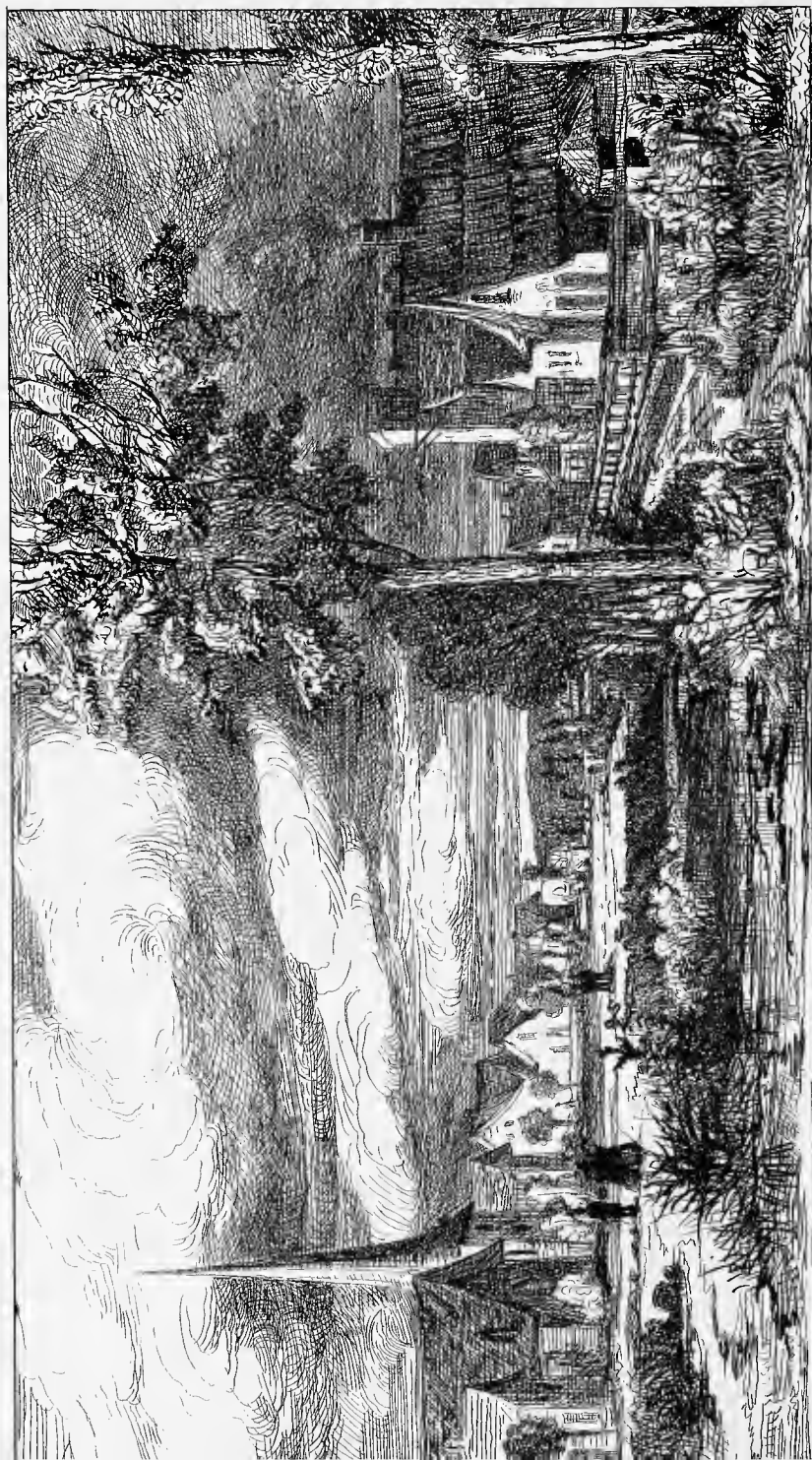
We went to the huge "Smithy," and saw some of the wonders of mining. The drilling and blasting, and sorting of ore into bags. William Cotton, the foreman, has charge of three mines ; he has spent thirteen years in mining. The wood which they burn costs \$60 per cord ; but they have good food, excellent beef, and the bread which we saw the handsome young baker putting in the oven was of the most encouragingly light appearance.

The miners gave us a most friendly invitation to stay and share their meal. They told us that Anna Dickinson and

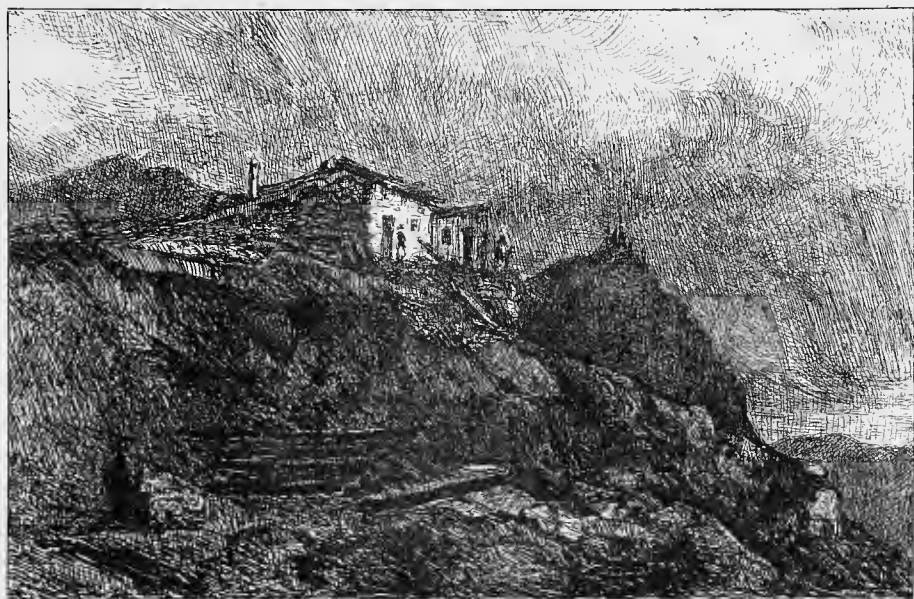
her party had dined with them. There were seventeen men together, and their trim house, with everything, beds, cooking arrangements, and fair-spread dinner-table, gave one the idea of a well-manned ship at sea. Stopping to look back, after we had left their house, to get a sketch of it, we saw that the miners had gathered round Miss Dickinson, who had come back to say good-bye to them. They stood in honestly-expressed admiration of her pretty, gay costume, and of her bright face. They had, while our party were there, been telling one another how famously she and Grace Greenwood were to "write up" their mines.

Ten minutes later a thick snow was falling, and we were half-way down before we saw the sun again. The evening light was on the mountain when we reached the base; the last *burro* (Mexican donkey) has begun its climb, a little keg of water slung on either side, to the cabins of the miners, which are far distant from even the snow-water.

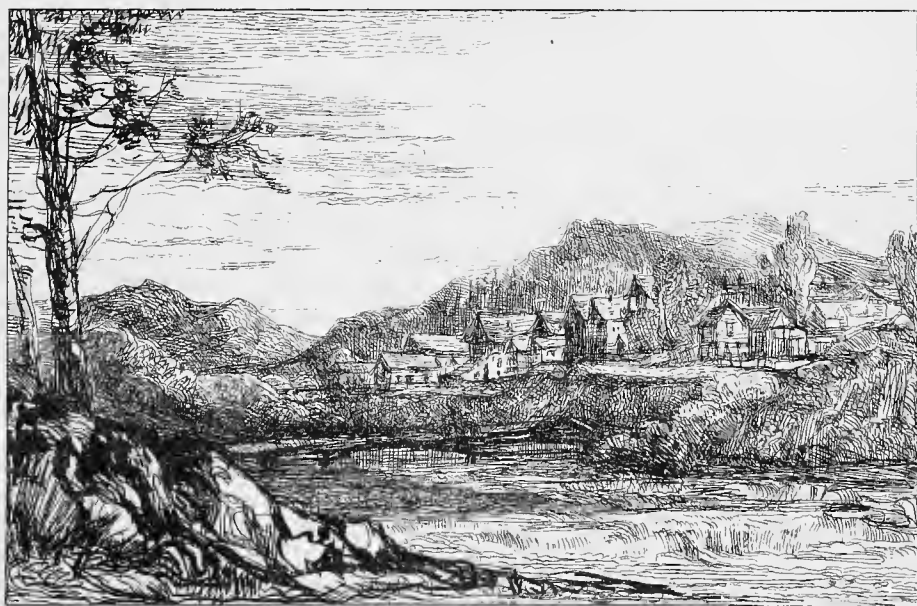
In Fair Play again, and across to our pleasant camp on the other side of the Arkansas, thence home by a different route through South Park, to behold fresh beauties and move with constant delight forty miles each day over a "natural" road, coming into camp at night fresh and vigorous as we had quitted it in the morning. The evening round our last camp fire was a gay one—we had our Queen and Lady Ellen, Grace Greenwood and the Governor, the Major and his lady, our President and the General, and a chorus of young people, to make us forget with song and story and merry gossip that our happy party would be scattered on the



The New Town




Montezuma Mine.



Fair Play.

morrow. Two great pictures abide in my memory always. If I could describe them truly in words or color, I should make immortal fame for myself; they are: our first look into South Park—our last on leaving it.

The Fountain Colony.

E have come home to Colorado Springs. When we first saw the place, how lonely and far off it seemed! Men working hard with brains and hands, dwellings so new-looking and scattered, women and children rare and admirable incidents. It had been our home for but a few weeks, yet, in that time, how we have found out the people, their goodness and hospitality, their earnest, aspiring lives, their true refinement of nature. One cannot come into such close, genial relations with these people, and not feel that from among them will come the greatest race that the earth has yet produced. I speak especially of the women of Colorado, present and future. There is here, perhaps, less worship of women's beauty and accomplishments, but man places her nearer to himself—she shares and guides his life and thought, is the light, the comfort, the home. With the history of this colony are connected tales of heroism which must, perhaps, wait for another generation to recognize and honor as is fitting; but, from the lives of the people and their wondrous experiences, I carry back to my tame Eastern home, recollections which

will long stir my heart and nerve me with strength and faith for all future work.

This I take for consolation, amid all the sense of incompleteness and self-dissatisfaction which my attempts to portray Colorado scenery have left with me. This evening, a little weary after our great camping expedition, and feeling the reaction of all the excitement and novelty of the past two weeks, I am very conscious of this depressing sense of failure, for, the sunshine being gone, we have nothing better to do than to watch the clouds shifting and circling around the purple-black mountains, and to remember longingly the grandeur and brightness which defy the most royal of the kings and rulers in Art to portray them, and I think shamefacedly and faint-heartedly of *my* little pen-and-ink bits. No landscape in the many countries which I have seen has equaled this. Even this dreary evening, how Cheyenne Mountain stands in noble lines of beauty—from lofty summit to green slope and plain, dotted with little rustic houses; how deep the voices of Nature in the cañon; how the seven water-falls dash into the swift currents; and how the eagles, in their solitary places above, sweep through the misty skies, and the great pines make wild music through the deep ravine! A sweet perfume comes into the open room. There is close to the window a pretty flower garden. Some one says, “Even the flowers are dull to-day; no wonder we are sad.” So we close the window and turn thankfully to the blazing wood-fire, and to the bright, inviting tea-table, with its gleaming silver and damask, the fair and

dear house-mother giving to all a brighter light, a subtler charm. It is a tiny dwelling, built at cost of a few hundred dollars, but it gives most significantly the meaning of the word "Home," word of unfailing melody everywhere, and of perfect music in this far, new country. Our talk round the bright hearth is all of ranching, homesteads, claims, and pre-empting. We have found out so much about these important things, of the time necessary to live on a homestead or claim, so as to protect it from the wretches, unprincipled and unscrupulous, who would "jump" your claim and enter your homestead; of the difficulty of finding a ranche properly supplied with water and trout, buffalo, antelope, and all kinds of game. Nora, anxious to make provision for next summer, is off to-day searching for *her* ranche, with the aid and advice of our good Governor Hunt. The log house is already planned, great stock of books laid up on dairy management, *bee* culture, and care of mules, horses, and half-a-dozen cows. Then the proprietor of the magnificent ranche called "Holt's," comes to join our fire-side talk. His face, pale enough, as he tells us, with care and anxiety a year ago, is beaming with life and happiness to-day, for all the vast interests and machinery of his undertaking are fully organized, and now in smooth working order. It is his ambition to make it the largest and finest stock ranche in the United States. There are now upon it one thousand four hundred cows, one thousand young oxen and other cattle, three thousand sheep, and thirty horses. These great herds live and flourish on the luxuriant grasses:

in winter open corrals are sufficient shelter. The natural grasses, dried on the stalk, make better food than Eastern hay. Three hundred acres of richest "bottom land" are being irrigated for the culture of wheat, oats, and roots, and to scatter all this wealth abroad, the Kansas Pacific Railroad is ready only twenty miles distant. But to us, who could hardly bear to leave Colorado without a very real prospect of return, the most attractive project is that of the Eldorado, or Arcadia, or Eden, if you will, planned by Dr. Bell in Bergun's Park, where Mr. Thornton's ranche, already visited and written of by us, is now preparing to furnish all dairy and garden supplies. Here the beautiful park, more like a carefully laid out landscape garden than the pure gem of nature which it is, is to be made homelike by many strong and comfortable, though rather rough and small, cottages. They are really and truly being built at this day; and before we left we saw sewing machines driving merrily at the long seams of bed-linen and table-damask destined for the future inmates of the cottages. Families who would see Colorado more freely, naturally and inexpensively than they can in the hotels, can here settle for the whole season in an enchanting home, supplied with pure and wholesome food, with fishing, hunting, and endless attractions of scenery within a little distance. Even ponies trained for ladies and little people are to be in readiness. We talk, this last evening, of our Colorado life (for Denver can hardly claim a place in that), of what we hope to see and do next summer in this paradise of Bergun's Park. Many a dream we had

of it while in the camp, and in the company of some very near and dear kindred spirits ; how we will bring around us for ourselves and the young people the best influences, with real noble education of mind and body ; how we could make the beautiful our study under such favoring conditions as surely nowhere else can fall to mortal lot ; how kid gloves and conventionalities should be as things that had never been and never could be. It does not seem so easy now as it all looked to us then and there ; but, at least, there is the possibility, and I close the portfolio of my Summer's Etchings in Colorado, and say farewell to the glorious land, hoping and praying for the fulfillment of that sunny dream of Arcadia that came to us under the sunset lighting Pike's Peak, as for the last time we turned into the tents gleaming beside the blazing pine logs of our last camp fire.

THE END.

